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No. 1



Macdonald
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Magazine



1922

October

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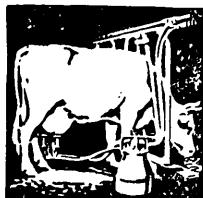
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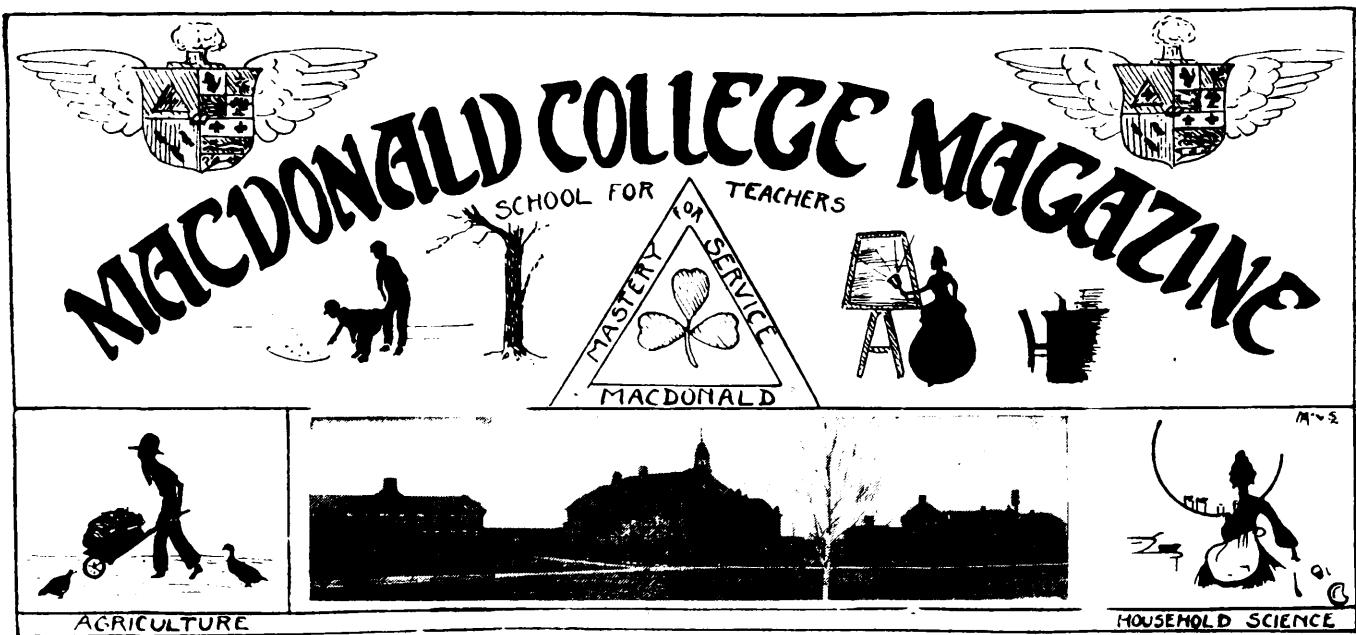
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The Students' Council



VOL. XIII

OCTOBER-NOVEMBER

No. 1

Flying In France

JOHN F. BUSHE

The work of a pilot in a night bombing squadron of the Royal Flying Corps during the late war was exciting,—at times. Orders for the night's operations were issued about five o'clock in the evening with details as to objective, time of departure, number of "eggs" to be "laid" and number of trips to be made over Hunland that night,—usually two, occasionally three or four. The pilots and observers would make themselves familiar with the map of the particular part of the country to be bombed; have something to eat in the Officer's Mess; get into flying kit and go down to the hangars where the machines would be lined up, fully loaded with gasoline, bombs and machine guns by the mechanics. The pilot sees that everything is in order,—wire tight, controls working,—fires a few rounds into the ground with his gun to see that it is in working order, starts the engine and makes sure it is "revving" up to the right speed, and waits for the signal to

take off. By this time all the eighteen machines are ready and each pilot "taxis" out to the head of the line of flares that marks the direction of the wind; gives his name to the officer in charge of the landing-ground; turns into the wind, opens the throttle wide, and with a roar the machine leaps forward over the ground, gathers speed rapidly and gently rises into the cool darkness of the night.

A pilot and observer started thus on a trip to Hunland one bright moonlight-night in September, 1917. The objective was a Hun aerodrome some twenty-five miles beyond the front line trenches, which were about the same distance from the starting point. Below, as they climbed towards the stars, the dim lights that marked the aerodrome they had just left could be distinguished with difficulty,—they were kept as dim as possible to avoid detection by enemy's planes,—and it was hard to pick up any landmark. Faint strips of white

tape marked the roads behind the lines, splashes of blackness the woods out of reach of shell fire; but as the height increased to three or four thousand feet,—one seldom flies higher at night,—these were lost in the light ground-mist, and the winding silver ribbons of the streams and rivers. Flash of bursting shell and blaze of signal flares ahead told of men struggling incessantly to gain a few yards of ground. Soon this blaze of light is below,—stretching north, and south as far as the eye can see, the thunder of heavy artillery can be heard above the continuous drone of the engine, and the machine rocks and dips in the waves of air caused by passing shells. Beyond this line the machine is over Hunland, and soon, as the roar of the engine is heard below, giant fingers of light reach up from the ground and sweep the sky back and forth, — searching for the hostile machine that glides like a bee above them. Often they find it with their blinding glare, and only by turning sharply, diving and swooping can they be shaken off, while "Archie" shells bark viciously and machine guns pop far below like roasting corn. But a plane is a hard thing to hit and the light is dodged at last and left to continue its search in the dark.

Eventually the objective is reached and easily found as a blaze of search-lights and streams of incendiary bullets show that one of the other planes has already got there. The engine is throttled, — its roar subsides to a gentle purr and the plane descends to about five hundred feet to "lay its eggs" as accurately as possible. At this height everything can be seen clearly in the moonlight, — the great hangar that is the target and other buildings around the aerodrome, — and it is soon evident that the plane can also be seen from the ground. Several searchlights are

focussed on it at once, machine guns pop out in noisy haste and the darting glow-worms of the incendiary bullets streak past unpleasantly close. No dodging the search-lights now, — straight over the hangar as steadily as possible, with a prayer that the men at the guns are cross-eyed, while the observer replies to their cheery greeting with his gun. Now the hangar is below; the plane lurches as the heavy bomb leaves its hook and both observer and pilot look down to see the result of their efforts. A terrific explosion jars the plane and a flash in the middle of the hangar shows that the pilot's judgement was good. At the same time a deathly silence closes in, — a silence that can be heard, — the engine has stalled! The pilot examines his instruments hurriedly, — ignition switch and water temperature indicator are allright, but the guage registering air pressure that forces gasoline from main tank to carburetor is down to zero. There is an emergency tank under the top plane that is fed to the carburetor by gravity and the pilot turns the tap that connects it. Nothing happens. Plane is descending slowly, — the altimeter shows four hundred feet, — three, —two, — and still there is no sound from the engine. Observer enquires coolly, "What's the matter old Bean?" "Don't know; guess she's tired," is the reply, "hope the ground is soft around here". Tree-tops almost touch the plane as it glides silently down. The Huns have stopped firing evidently sure that their victim is winged. Suddenly the engine roars out again as if nothing had happened, and observer and pilot yell with delight as the plane rises into comparative safety again and the Huns open fire behind, furious at being robbed of their prey. The engine continues its full-throated roar without a pause, — evidently the gasoline from the emer-

gency tank took some time to fill the carburetor and get sucked into the cylinders.

But this tank only holds enough for forty-five minutes flying; there are fifty miles to be covered; the heavy machine can only do sixty-five miles per hour; and the wind is blowing from the West. Will the gasoline hold out? The pilot puts her nose down and makes a bee-line for home. No time to spare in climbing to a greater height. Speed is the great necessity and the lines must be crossed at five hundred feet. Search lights blaze up again at intervals along the way and sweep the sky all around. "Archie" bangs away and machine guns rattle furiously as the plane passes above them and leaves them behind.

Comes the welcome glare from the trenches again; — they are passed in safety and friendly ground lies below. Still twenty-five miles to go, — landing in a strange field at night is difficult and done only under compulsion. Slowly familiar landmarks loom up and are passed, and at last the landing flares on the aerodrome are discernable. The engine is throttled down again, the plane glides gently towards the flares and comes to rest on firm land again less than two hours after leaving it.

The pilot climbs out of his seat and examines the engine. "Bullet in the main tank", he reports to the observer. "Any gas left in that emergency tank?"

"Dry as a bone" is the reply.

"So am I.—Come on up to the Mess."

On Catching Trains

By NORRIS HODGINS

There is in most of us a hankering after big game, and it is this trait in our character that is chiefly responsible for our delight in stalking the elusive choo-choo. The man who finds pleasure in squirrel shooting may be satisfied with the bagging of a street car; but for us who are of the more adventurous fraternity, who were born with a burning desire to lay low the kings of the jungles, forests and waters, and who from boyhood have dreamed of harpooning whales, of lugging home the skins of leopards, and of fashioning canes from the hides of "rhinos" — nothing less than an express will suffice. With a train there is a certain dash, a breathless simulation of pressing engagements behind the beyond, and a fatalistic rush as of stars in their courses that makes the capture of this monster seem an heroic and altogether desirable thing.

But great as must be the appeal of train-catching to everyone of sporting blood, I think that it is to the disciples of Isaak Walton that it brings the keenest joy, for the sport coincides more nearly with their favorite than with any other. There is the bait to be secured, the watchful waiting, the skillful hooking of the victim at the propitious moment, the convulsive jerk of the hooked monster that may lose us our prize if our hold be insecure, and the same vacant feeling following the loss of a desirable specimen — and where is the escaped specimen of either species that was not a desirable one?

And as in the fishing fraternity it is interesting to note the systems and the equipment used and upheld by the hopeful enticers and to diagnose from these symptoms the temperament of the operator, so in the systems followed by

different commuters in the capture of the wary suburban is to be found a rich field for speculation.

Some stick to the good old net. They get up in the middle of the night that they may make sure of the 8:06. Thirty minutes before the advertised hour of departure these sure-thing gamblers light their morning cigar and begin to pace the platform, they are constantly haunted by the dread that the time-table may be changed without notice.

Next come the heads of departments who believe in dew-worms and use a floater. They are never rushed, but they never miss. Rising each morning at 7:15, they dress carefully, breakfast substantially, and, pansy in button hole, they arrive at the station precisely at 8:04, so that they have ample time for the purchase of a paper and the exchange of weather prognostications with their fellow commuters before stepping aboard.

And then as the black mass of the 8:06 bears down like some dread judgment upon the little crowd at the station, over the hill-tops and around the corners dash the fly-fishers—the cheerful idiots who listen for the whistle before quitting their beds, and who race down the pike like so many comets, with tie-ends, coat-tails, garden gates and screen doors streaming after them in their meteoric flight through space.

Personally, I usually aim for the last car. I refuse to regard the catching of trains as either a duty or a business, preferring rather to consider it a real sport. I try to give the train every possible chance, and then nab it just as it is about to make its escape.

My method is something on this wise: I look at my watch and note that it is 11:18 a.m. "The very thing!" I say. "There is a train for town at 11:20. I shall have a try for it." And off I bolt with the dogs of the neighbourhood following noisily after. If I make my train I have achieved a lasting happiness, and I gasp and gloat all the way to town over my scanty breath and good fortune. If I miss it I take the first one that comes along going in the opposite direction and my opponents score one point.

If I note that I have ten minutes to spare I at once lose all desire to go to town and decide to put in the day pottering about the garden. And then after I've pottered about for seven and a half minutes I suddenly change my mind and decide to go to town after all. And as an extra hazard I determine to change into flannels or to wear brogues today.

This gives my friends great pain. They always want to know why I can't start out in time, instead of endangering the lives of little children in my final hundred yard sprint. They point out that running for trains is undignified—that no one ever heard of King George, or the Archbishop of Canterbury running for a train. They tell me that it is an unhealthful pursuit—that some day I shall drop dead or miss a dinner. They say that it is unbusinesslike—that men who have reached the top were always on time for trains.

And when they have finished I excuse myself, and dash off and catch a train.

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My First Week at Macdonald

EUGENE F. KERNAN Winter Course
1922 1923

I had been looking forward all autumn to attending the Winter Course at Macdonald College which runs from Nov. 1st to March 15th, a four and a half months Course of intensive study of agriculture.

Accordingly I arrived at Ste-Anne's on the appointed date and as I entered the main gate of the College my first impression was one of pleasure and admiration. I had previously heard that Macdonald was a fine institution but was hardly prepared to find such a garden spot as greeted my eye.

The group of buildings all of the same harmonious architecture, built of light brown brick and with roofs of red tile, the well kept lawns, roads and shrubbery, and the vista of the placid river glimpsed through the shade trees gave one a sense of repose and refinement.

I located the Secretary's office without difficulty, and found several young men waiting in the corridor with their bags and suit cases. I surmised that they were prospective Winter Course students like myself. We struck up a conversation which consisted mainly in telling one another what section of the country we came from.

Presently the College Secretary appeared and ushered us into his office where we went through the formality of filling out a questionnaire, after which we were directed to the men's residence on the opposite side of the campus.

By this time I was feeling quite at ease in my new environment when suddenly my nerves received a shock from which they didn't recover for several days.

As I crossed the threshold of the door of the men's residence my feet were suddenly jerked from under me. They flew high into the air, I struck on my head and shoulders, and myriad stars dazzled my vision. I didn't realize what had happened. Vague thoughts of earthquakes, tidal waves and other geological phenomena swept through my brain. And it wasn't until I had scrambled to my feet and saw a crowd of laughing young men standing at a respectable distance from me that I knew I was the victim of their pranks. They had pulled the door mat from under my feet. I was very indignant at first but appreciating the spirit of the occasion and being more scared than hurt I tried to take it as good-naturedly as possible although I felt very foolish and self-conscious.

The rest of the afternoon I spent in unpacking my personal effects and in getting acquainted with my room-mate, an unsophisticated youth from one of the eastern townships, who having witnessed my debacle was obsessed with a dread of the impending initiations. And I found upon further intercourse with other class-mates that we all shared his misgivings.

That night we were a harrowed, nervous lot of students. The coming initiations were uppermost in our thoughts. We had no organization, as yet, and no leader. We were strangers in an unexplored land, far from home with no sympathetic friend to counsel and guide us. A dreadful apprehension bordering on panic ran through our souls. "What would they do to us?" was the question

we put to each other. No one knew exactly and our imaginations ran riot.

"I hear they're going to throw us into the swimming pool with all our clothes on," quaked one worried countryman, "And I can't swim a stroke!" he added dolefully.

"They'll dump our beds!" another cheerfully informed us.

"Dump our beds, what's that?" one chap asked anxiously.

"They get into your room at night while you're asleep and turn your bed upside down on top of you!"

"Oh Lord!" groaned my room-mate.

I made a mental resolve right there to see that my door was securely locked before turning in, little thinking that it would take more than lock and key to bar out our resourceful tormentors.

How I longed for my room in the old farm-house where no vandal hand could violate my rest. With no swimming pools, no raiding bands of students, only the soft lowing of the cattle in the stable to disturb the watches of the night.

It must have been two A. M. when I finally dropped off into trouble slumber. I was dreaming that I was standing on my head at the edge of an abyss when suddenly I was pushed over and fell a thousand feet into space and landed on the rocks below. I awoke with a start. I was on the floor and a heavy obstacle was on top of me. For a moment I was frantic with fear. I thought my dream was an actuality. I threw the weight off my body and switched on the lights — I had been dumped. Hearing smothered maledictions coming from beneath a wreck of bedding on the opposite side of the room, I went to the rescue of my room-mate who had also been dumped. After pulling him from under a tangled mass of blankets and bed springs he got to his feet and presented such an aspect of sleepy despair and indignation that

I couldn't repress my feelings and laughed aloud at his woe-begone aspect.

Thinking that our persecutors would be satisfied with their dastardly night's work we set to work getting our beds in shape again. However we were too sanguine. Within a few minutes they returned and demanded that we open the door. Instead of complying we proceeded, with desperate haste, to barricade our strong-hold. We jammed a table against the door and tied the key in the lock, while outside our besiegers banged on the door and harshly demanded that we open it under threats of dire punishment.

We made no response, but sitting on the table we pushed with all our weight against the door. Seeing that we were determined to resist their attack, the enemy changed their tactics and devised other methods of assault.

"Give 'em the gas!" one cried. My heart stood still. If they filled the room with noxious fumes we would have to open up or be suffocated.

"Knock the key out and jimmy the door!" another shouted, while the banging doubled in volume.

"Get the hose!" I heard a brutal voice bellow. "Give these damned fellows a bath. They won't open up!"

The sound of running water smote my ears.

Suddenly the transom flew open. We had overlooked the transom, and it proved to be the weak point in our line of defense.

Frantically we sprang to the table and forced the transom shut. The Belgian defense of Liege was no more heroic and desperate than ours. But our combined strength and efforts went for naught, the transom was slowly forced open inch by inch, and suddenly before we could anticipate their mode of attack we were deluged with the con-

tents of a water bucket.

Soaked to the hide, with the fiendish jeers of our foes ringing in our ears, we grimly stuck to our posts and forced the transom shut again.

And once more our besiegers concentrated their attack on this vulnerable point, and bringing a broom-handle into action they pried the transom open despite our efforts and again we received the contents of a brimming bucket.

Dejected and dripping like drowned cats we surrendered our position at the door and retreated to the opposite side of the room, where huddled in corners we were less exposed to the fire from their aquatic battery. And from our new stations we watched with dismay the havoc wraught, as bucket after bucket of icy water was hurled with deadly effect through the transom, drenching our bed clothing and furniture until our room looked like a house-boat in a naval battle.

At last satiated with their own deviltry the enemy withdrew leaving us to our own reflections for the rest of the night. And what a night — spent on the floor wrapped in sodden blankets!

The next morning as we shell-shocked veterans of the Winter Course gathered in the bath-room to perform our morning ablutions we narrated our experiences of the previous night and found that they were alike in detail. Dousing and dumping were the common experience of all.

The next few days we were not molested, and I was fervently hoping that the worst was over. It was but the calm which precedes the storm. I soon learned that we were to be initiated with more ceremony and eclat in the gym, according to the hallowed traditions of the student body. This knowledge absolutely dissipated any peace of mind that was left to us, and we Winter Course

men went about our daily tasks like criminals under the shadow of the gallows. However I had resolved to see it through with all the fortitude I could command, and I did my best to encourage my room-mate who was losing weight rapidly under the strain.

And then several days later word was mysteriously circulated in our midst that on that night the grand, third degree initiation would take place. We were instructed to open our doors upon demand and were warned that resistance was futile. We meekly submitted and awaited our doom with outward equanimity and inward trepidation.

About midnight we answered the summons at our door and a horde of young men rushed into the room, gleefully dumped our beds and seized the pair of us and led us into the hall where we were joined by our class-mates as each room was raided.

Blind-folded and clad only in pyjamas with blankets around our shoulders we lock-stepped to the gym by a tortuous route involving the ascent and descent of many stairs. For hours that seemed eternity we were made to perform stunts that brought shouts of derision and mockery from our tormentors. Nor am I permitted here to divulge the secrets of that exciting initiation.

The program was long and varied and ably carried out by the inimitable judge and his executioners. Will any of us forget that pungent dish served so delicately in a porcelain pot of unique and familiar dimensions?

To make our humiliation complete we were compelled to wear at meals before all the girl students a yellow fillet around our foreheads and bibs around our necks, bearing such inspiring legends, as, "I want to be kissed!" "votes for women!" "I want my mama!" etc. Ah, girls, had you no hearts that you

could laugh at men in our plight?

However much we suffered psychologically we were not subjected to any rough treatment, and I don't think any one of us regrets the ordeal that he went through, only a feeling of disappointment pervades us, because, owing to the nature of our special course we haven't

the opportunity to take it out on other new-comers.

In all it was a memorable week, that first week at Macdonald, and one that will linger in the minds of us Winter Course students probably longer than the knowledge we will acquire of hugs, bacteria, and botany.

To In-Coming Students

What has Macdonald to offer you? A great deal; but she guarantees you nothing. No insurance can be procured at the Bursar's office against your failing in your final examinations. The matter rests with you.

It therefore becomes your duty to endeavour to make permanent what she has to offer. Are we not told that "the highest type of character is developed under conditions of freedom?" And at Macdonald individual freedom is the keynote of our life. But what we have to watch—when here—is "the decadence of scholarly ideals, and the growth of secondary agencies for getting through college with a minimum of study."

You have left the strict discipline of the high school and you virtually have freedom now. Therefore adjust yourself to your new conditions; but, on the other hand, avoid carrying this to extreme and getting into the "imitation rut."

Even now, although you may not be aware of it in your pompous verdure of freshmanhood, many of your ideas are obscure, vague, and half-formed, and these you must not only clarify, but try to get the habit of forming definite ideas—to thresh things out. This is the keynote. Be specific! Be thorough! A multitude of ideas will necessarily take possession of your mind here. But

to ascertain whether these have become absolutely your own, just see if you can apply them.

The following injunctions you may find of some consequence:

First,—that you use the teacher as a means of educating yourself. Endeavour constantly to seek his company.

Secondly,—that you take advantage of the numerous opportunities offered by grasping the simplest task at hand and doing it to a finish to the best of your capabilities. Work independently of others in this regard and do your own thinking.

Thirdly,—that there be no fear in doing your best. Although Macdonald revels in the "struggle of equals", due praise will be given to exceptional performances.

Fourthly,—that the mind can be given rest by change; that is, by employing a different faculty. Consequently if you tire of chemistry during study-hour, don't cease work for the night; but change to economics, say.

Lastly,—that, as Herbert Spencer tells us, "the characteristic discipline of Science can be imported only through the laboratory method." Now if this be a proven fact, and as you have your laboratory periods in the afternoon, it might be advisable for you to go easy on the football pudding at dinner, so as to keep yourself in prime condition

to tackle the problems of the afternoon.

Macdonald realizes that "all study and no play makes Jack a jack-in-the-box; all play and no work makes Jack a jack-ass; hence she urges you to develop the leisure part of your education, so to speak; that is, athletics, social activities, and college organizations, and you will find how the rough edges of your former self will be rubbed off and that you will be getting the most out of your college life.

The responsibility — the fact that you have control of something which will influence others — will make you grow, since you will be forced to use your own ingenuity, your own intuitiveness. Therefore do not shirk your position on a college organization, but do your utmost for your colleagues. This, if done whole heartedly, will give you pleasure in the end.

You must get right into the swing of college life from the outset — this year. Don't say, "I'll wait until my Sophomore or Junior year to do this or that." Are we not told that "life is the ability to use and enjoy one's environment?"

Therefore do not stand on the side lines

during your freshman year, but jump into the fray. Otherwise, next year might find you without enthusiasm, and your senior year without the pep to root.

As the session progresses you are apt to get into the whirl of everyday routine, and be borne unconsciously along regardless of final destination. You must keep your ultimate purpose in coming to college constantly in mind. If you did not have a purpose, you should have had one. Macdonald is an institution of purpose. In view of these facts it is well for you to take stock of yourself periodically and the good chances are less likely to escape you.

Macdonald College and its surroundings will work on you as a stimulant in your life's undertaking, whatever that might be. Its inspiration is going to be of more worth to you than the information you receive here. And finally, its influence is not going to end when you bid adieu at the conclusion of your course, but is going to extend beyond through your whole life. Therefore, honour your Alma Mater by fostering her good spirit.

T. C. V. '23.

Shearing the Lamb

Forthwith, patient reader, is chronicled the story of the first effort of Tony Spence in the realm of the promoter's art.

Now, Tony has been everything in his profession from common street fakir to gold brick salesman, and has been quite successful right down the line; but at the time of which I write he was just starting in his chosen field, and the grand total of his worldly assets would not have purchased the overcoat that he now wears. He possessed three shaggy ponies, a buck-

board, an extensive vocabulary, and about three hundred dollars in currency on which he hoped to make a profit of about three per cent for every iron man in the deck at every town he visited. Tony was a tyro, but he was ambitious; and what he lacked in experience he more than made up for in nerve. Also, he was possessed of one of the most fertile and cunning brains in the South-west.

Of these and other facts the good people of Cold Water City were soon to become aware.

Tony hit the town of Cold Water at noon one hot and sultry day in August, and put up at the Silver Star Palace. He was accompanied by two others whom he called "De Quincy" and "Hamiltonius," and whom he introduced as "the greatest and most accomplished actors in Texas." Then he lined the curious population up at the bar, paid for the drinks, distributed cigars and was hailed as a sport. A few of the wise ones even went so far as to call him by his first name and tried to look as if they had known him in the past.

One morning, a couple of days later, the town awoke to find itself plastered with a great variety of signs and billboards advising all and sundry of the fact that "on the evening of Friday, August 13th, at the Town Hall, the accomplished and cultured dramatic stars Robert de Quincy and John Hamiltonius would favour the people of Cold Water City with a thrilling, stupendous, and awe—inspiring representation of Tony Spence's mammoth spectacle, "The Gladiator's Triumph."

Tony's advertisements made a great hit with the natives, for they were seldom treated to dramatic exhibitions, not to mention real costume plays of ancient Rome; wherefore they began to look forward to the thirteenth with a great deal of mingled anticipation and awe.

From his headquarters at the Silver Star, Tony superintended the arrangements. He decorated the Town Hall with effects brought from San Antonio; hired a couple of assistants to market the pasteboards; and engaged the village orchestra to head a grand parade through the town on the evening of the performance. His advertising campaign reached its apex with a full page flourish in the Cold Water

Patriot'.

Came at last the long awaited evening. The town turned out en masse and packed the small hall almost to suffocation. A goodly number of the tickets, had fallen into the hands of scalpers, and some of the townsfolk had had to pay through the nose for them; and this, coupled with the crowded state of the hall, did not tend to sweeten the temper of the proletariat. However, the orchestra helped considerably to humour the crowd with its attempt at the Toreador Song. Then Tony appeared, delivered a short speech of welcome, and the show was on.

While Tony was pulling the wool over the eyes of the natives at the Town Hall, another thrilling event was taking place in another part of the town. Two men rode in from the south and headed directly toward the local branch of the Stockman's National. They knew their business well, for there was no hesitation nor uncertainty in their movements. They worked quickly and they worked well. The bank building was an old frame structure, and to gain entrance was a matter of but a few minutes. One of the men inserted a thin steel bar beneath the frame of one of the windows, applied his weight, and the rusty lock snapped in two.

The men slipped inside and went to work. Their bit ate into the huge burglar-proof safe as if it had been made of pulpwood; and shortly they swung open the heavy door.

They were well rewarded for their trouble, for the safe yielded currency to the amount of over thirty thousand dollars, besides a quantity of bonds and securities. They placed the safe's contents in a canvas sack, which they tied carefully. Then they climbed out into the street.

"What's the time, Bill?" asked one as he mounted.

"Ten o'clock, Henry," replied the other.

"Guess I'll run along; Tony'll be expecting me. That was fast work."

"You're right! But the game's not over yet. Keep your nerve; and good luck."

They parted.

Up at the Town Hall Tony was in trouble. At the end of the first act the sheriff made his way to the stage and clamped a pair of handcuffs on Tony's wrists. A tall, brown man then came forward and made known the fact that he was from the town of Hinton in the distant county of Guaymas, and that the sheriff of that county was hot on Tony's trail and would arrive at any time to take him in custody. Tony, he told the wild-eyed mob, would be taken back to Hinton to face a charge of selling a solution of ink, water and salt to the long suffering public as a cure for rheumatism.

The sheriff then led Tony forward. "Is this the man?" he asked.

"Yes, officer; that's the man. Do your duty," was the answer of the tall, brown stranger.

So Tony was led away to the cooler to the accompaniment of the jeers and threats of the angry horde.

De Quincy and Hamiltonius were unknown to the stranger and were allowed to slip away; and with them went the proceeds of the evening's entertainment.

Next day the town was in an uproar over the robbery; but neither Tony nor his confreres were under suspicion

because they had been under the eyes of the sheriff and the rest of the town all evening.

About ten o'clock in the morning the sheriff from Hinton arrived and took charge of Tony. The two were joined by the tall stranger of the evening before, and the three of them headed south.

They rode in silence until they had left the last pine-board building of Cold Water City in the distance; then they exchanged significant glances and smiled all round. The "sheriff" removed the handcuffs from Tony's hands and placed them in his pocket.

"How did it go, Bill?" asked Tony.

"Fine; that old iron box opened up like a tin can to the extent of about thirty thousand and some bonds. Divided five ways, we each get about six thousand dollars. The bonds are not negotiable, so we burned them."

"Good! Where's Bob, and Jack?"

"Down at the Rio, waiting with the waggon."

"What gets me," put in Henry, "is, why did me and Bill have to get you arrested by the sheriff and then take you out his hands again?"

"Because our show was such a fiasco that we would a hung to the old sour apple tree if you hadn't horned in. That's what was to be expected and I wasn't taking chances."

"But suppose them hicks find out Bill isn't sheriff of Guaymas?" persisted Henry.

"That's not likely," replied Henry; "because that place doesn't exist so far as I know."

BRODIE J. SNYDER,



Curiosities of Language

J. P. Spittall '23

The average person in his daily speech uses words and expressions the origin of which he knows little and cares less. Etymology as a science is commonly regarded as being a very dry subject, but it is really of great importance in that it is one of the fundamental proofs of the common origin of man, and therefore should be of great interest.

In my childhood days I used to absorb many expressions in the streets which, when repeated at home, incurred severe reprimand from my esteemed parents. I had transgressed by speaking in the vulgar tongue. Later in life I found to my surprise when studying the Scandinavian dialects that my playmates of earlier days had been speaking purer English than that which passed current as "The King's English". The dialect of our neighbourhood — no longer, and may be never, printed,—was a direct remnant of the speech of those of our ancestors who had crossed the North Sea in their primitive vessels propelled by wind and oars.

I will mention a few of the words in daily use and show how they resemble those of other nationalities. On going to Scandinavia I found the words "fader and moder". In Germany these are "Vater and Mutter," and in Holland "Vaader and Moeder". Practically the same words for father and mother you will thus see are used from the Arctic Circle to the Mediterranean. Take the expression "a glass of milk". In Swedish it is "ett glass mjoelk". Further south in Denmark, the only real difference in this expression is the

pronunciation for the word "milk", it being pronounced "melluk" in that country. In Germany, of course, this demand is translated "ein Glas Milch." The word for room is practically the same all over the north-eastern part of Europe, the variations merely ranging from "rum" to "raum".

Again, take the names of places. In Scandinavia "by" means village. The whole of the North East of England is dotted with villages and small towns the names of which have this ending, Whitby, for instance. In this name you have a double proof of its origin, for the first part "Whit" corresponds to the present day Swedish for white; hence, any one who has seen the white cliffs at Whitby will understand the significance of its name.

The usefulness of the study of etymology is probably nowhere better illustrated than in the case of Finnish. For many years the correct placing of that little nation, stuck on the edge of the Arctic Circle, was a puzzle. Neither in customs, folklore, speech nor morphological characteristics do these people resemble their neighbours, the Russians on one side, and the Swedes on the other. But their language gave the clue. They are of Uralo-Altaic origin, and similarities of speech show their relationship to the Magyars. Many, many thousand of years ago they had been split off from the main body of their race by a wedge of Tartar origin, and with the increase of the latter stock, had been squeezed further and further north, until so far isolated from their point of origin that they had lost all trace of their connection.

To the student of languages, native or foreign, the prepositions are the stumbling block. In Finnish there are practically no prepositions. I would not, however, recommend the reader to rush to Finnish as an easy language. In place of the cursed preposition, every substantive is declined, not with six case endings as in Latin, but with fifteen! To give an idea of the difficulties which this produces, I may say they have among other cases, qualitative, quantitative, and directive, so you must be well up in the knowledge of the language to be sure as to whether a person is telling you the way to or from a place. I remember, being hungry once, and going to a peasant's hut to ask for food. I said: "Mina tahdon ruoka". The old lady looked at me in amazement as though I were a "hold-up." No wonder! I had asked for all the food in the house. I had used the wrong case. Another "a" on the end of "ruoka" put the matter right. I only wanted "some" food. I may say that as an example of the simple life, this particular peasant's hut was what I would consider the extreme. No evidence of a thermometer here to indicate the temperature of the oven. Oh, no! The kitchen range consisted of a huge rock in the centre of the one and only room and a wood fire thereon; no chimney; the smoke making its exit through a hole in the roof. To escape the smoke, I dined "a la carte" outside, the "cart" being a two wheeled one.

Walking through Holland once I was addressed by a group of girls as follows:—

"Hoe laat ijs het?" A person does not need to be a linguist to connect that up with "how late is it", or as we would say — what time is it, and I instinctively replied "Vijf uur" or five o'clock. You will see here that the main differences are in the spelling, the pronunciation being almost word for word similar to our own language. You will also find repeatedly words spelled the same as in English, but with a slightly different pronunciation which is quite sufficient to disguise them as regards the sound. Another peculiarity in that part of Europe is that when one asks the distance to a place, the distance is given in time, not linear measure. As you may imagine, this is a somewhat elastic standard. For instance, an old woman will tell you a place is three hours away. The next person, be he young and sprightly, gives the distance as one and a half hours.

The expression "Say it with flowers," is often seen. The Spaniard does this all the time. Even in an ordinary business letter, instead of saying "Yours truly", he concludes with the expression "I kiss your hands!"

Going even further back — to Sanscrit and Hindustani — it will be seen that some of the commonest words have been brought down almost unchanged. These very words are proofs of our common origin from one centre with other peoples.



The Practice of Indexing Literature

The occasion frequently presents itself to nearly everyone of desiring to secure upon short notice a considerable mass of information upon some particular subject. The subject may be of an entirely different character from the subjects about which the enquirer is usually concerned and under such circumstances the amount of information readily available is liable to be quite limited. Such a situation has been made evident to me several times concerning students in their appeals for assistance in securing information for debating and other purposes. By virtue of the fact that for some past years I have made a practice of indexing many of the more important articles on a wide variety of subjects I have been able at times to be of some little assistance. A number of students have shown considerable interest in the index system and from time to time I have been asked to describe the methods used. In response to a more recent request, I finally agreed to say something about the practice of indexing literature, not so much, in my own mind, from the standpoint of describing the methods employed as to urge upon every student the value of maintaining some sort of a system for indexing literature.

The two systems which I use are both in common use by investigators for indexing scientific literature. The system which I use for literature of a general character is a card index system, two sets of cards, five by eight inches, being used, one for subject headings and the other for author headings. A cross-index method is used, subject headings and authors' names being indexed alphabetically. The articles which are available for filing are numbered and filed numerically, according to subject, in fold-

ers which are kept in alphabetical order in a sliding cabinet drawer. At the time of filing the article, the title, with the author's name, is entered on the proper card according to subject headings and on another card the author's name, with the title following. One example will suffice to explain all details. I turn to my cards used for subject headings and under 'E' I find the following general subject headings: Economics, Education, Empire and Eugenics. Each subject may be divided into several sub-headings, as for example: Education; A. Education, Agricultural, and B. Education, General. Under Education, General, I see that reference No. 8 is "The College Man as a Leader in the World's Work" by R. H. Thurston. The same entry is also made under Thurston's name, so that by reference either to the subject title or the author's name one can readily locate the article, which is No. 8 in the folder containing the articles on general education. The other indexing system involves the same general principle except that loose leaves, five by eight inches, are used, and these are inserted in a patent loose-leaf binder. An additional feature of this system is a third leaf used for abstracting purposes. This system also provides for entries being made concerning the year of publication and the journal in which the article appeared and is designed especially for indexing scientific literature.

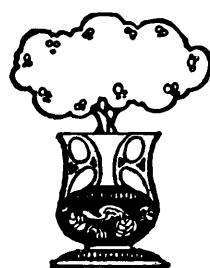
Students who early adopt some sort of system for indexing general literature soon appreciate the value derived therefrom. One cannot expect to be a walking encyclopedia on all subjects nor even on any one subject, but it is an advantage to have readily available the expressed opinions of the best authorities

on a number of subjects of common interest to all members of society.

One should not labor under the delusion, however, that the collecting and indexing of information constitutes an end in itself. J. Arthur Thomson has said that "A merely well informed man is the most useless bore on God's earth." The old dictum that "Knowledge is Power" does not state the whole truth, for by no means does mere information necessarily give support to creative intelligence. Any man may collect facts, but only the man who develops the abil-

ity of sensing the relative values of facts becomes possessed of sound judgment. Good judgment consists largely in the proper appreciation of relative values, and since this is a very prominent factor in matters essential to everyday living, it is one of the most important abilities to be cultivated. As a source of supply upon which to draw at any time, a treasurehouse of relative values may be stored up by making a regular practice of indexing general and scientific literature.

M. A. JULL



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EDITORIAL

Every fall the returning boys look forward to making new friends, especially with those of the fairer sex, and this year the chances of doing so are greatly increased, seeing that the boys are outnumbered by nearly three to one. It is up to you boys, therefore, to make good in this respect in order to secure that mutual feeling of good fellowship and trust which is very essential for a successful year, and there is not a doubt but that the girls will

lend you willing support. We at Macdonald may be likened to one big, happy family of boys and girls, each of whom has the interests of the whole at heart. So let us pull together and put *punch* into everything we do, both our work and our play, so that outsiders may know that we are something more than a bunch of "hayseeds" and "country girls"; let us show them that Macdonald means more to us than just a word of nine letters. We can

do it, so let each of us say to himself or herself, 'I will' and keep on saying it.

Optional Subjects

With the establishment of specialization in the different branches of agriculture, it stands to reason that each student cannot take all the subjects he ought, especially in the senior years; the time is too short. It is a question, therefore, of taking those subjects, outside his own option, which he thinks will be of greatest use to him in the future. The decision, then, of the Faculty to provide a choice of subjects is a step in the right direction. The range of choice at present is somewhat limited, but with our present staff more is out of the question, though we are confident that the future will see a wider choice provided. French, for instance, would be a welcome subject for many, both for those who intend living in Quebec, and for those specializing in Chemistry, Entomology, Plant Pathology, where a knowledge of French is essential if they take up post graduate work.

Graduate Study in Agriculture

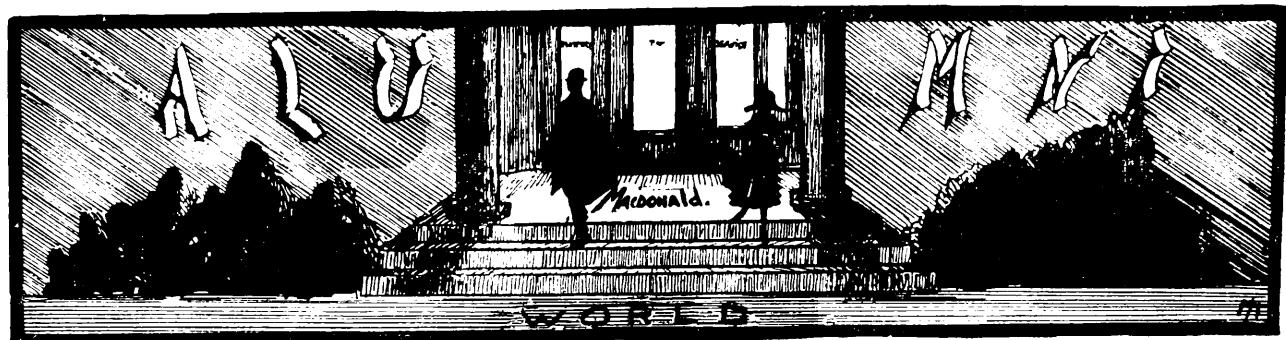
At the Annual Convention of the Canadian Society of Technical Agriculturists held at the College in July last, our Principal, gave a very illuminating address on Graduate Study in Agriculture. He stated that "the amount and nature of work in agriculture is now so large that it is impossible for the average student to obtain the necessary training and assimilate the necessary facts in four years of undergraduate work." That this statement is true is shown by the fact that our Agricultural Colleges and the Govern-

ment departments frequently have to go across the border for men better qualified than our Canadian agricultural graduates. The demand for the establishment of post-graduate courses is growing more insistent. It is significant that Macdonald College is the only agricultural college which has developed post-graduate work to any extent, the University of Saskatchewan confining its post-graduate work to the more practical subjects like Animal and Field Husbandry, etc., whereas the other colleges have none at all.

This year we understand Mr. Coulson, Mr. Major and Miss D. Newton are taking Ph.D. work in Plant Pathology, while after Christmas Mr. Gordon and Mr. Lachaine (Plant Pathology) and Mr. Hammond (Entomology), all of class '22, will be with us to take their first term for their M.Sc. degrees. The college is exceptionally fitted for accommodating post-graduate students, as the equipment is good, the instructors are of the best, and can give individual attention, so we look forward to seeing a bigger and bigger post-graduate class every year.

L. G. Saunders

Elsewhere in this issue appears a letter from Mr. L. G. Saunders of Class '20 who, after taking his M.Sc. here went to Cambridge to carry on further research work. We are glad to hear he is enjoying his stay, and feel confident he will come out with flying colours. We are always pleased to hear from our graduates and there is no more easy way of giving pleasure to the many supporters of the College than by letting them hear of your work through the medium of the Magazine.



Macdonald College Agriculture Alumni Association

PERSONAL NOTES OF INTEREST

In the ranks of the graduates there is no more loyal supporter of the Association than R. Derick of Class 20. The last two years he has made a journey of 3000 miles from British Columbia in order to pay his fees direct to the General Secretary. At least, that is about the only reason "Auss" gives for his arrival in the East. We understand however, that he is taking some post-graduate work at McGill and will be in Montreal until about the middle of January. His address is 70 Draper Ave. Notre Dame de Grace.

Many of the older graduates will remember our good Irish friend and speedy runner, E. Grove White, of Class 15. Since he left here to enlist in the spring of 1915 his movements have been completely shrouded in mystery and silence. It will be good news to his many friends that he has at last been heard from in a far country. Writing from Zomba, Nyasaland, British Central Africa, he writes in part as follows:—

"For the sake of interest you may wish to know what I am doing in Nyasaland, so I shall just mention that I have an appointment as an "Agriculturist"

under the Colonial Office and was sent to this country. I am at present on the Government Experimental Station close to Zomba. Tobacco is the chief crop of the European planters and the natives are encouraged to grow cotton. We also export tea, coffee, sisal, rubber, etc. The Imperial Tobacco Company have a factory here and are the biggest buyers." From this far off point our good friend also sends a *life subscription* to the Association. Perhaps this will prove an incentive to some of our graduates at home who show no interest in the Association.

J. H. McOuat, of Class 15, has resigned from his position at Macdonald College and taken the position of principal of New Carlisle High School, New Carlisle, Que. This town is situated on the Baie des Chaleurs half way between Matapedia and Gaspé. The General Secretary paid him a short visit early in October and found him enthusiastic over his work, the place and the people. Anybody who is fed the way he is could well afford to feel that way. Your scribe was compelled to enjoy four meals a day while there and ate so much moose steak and partridge that he felt like

staying for the winter. An adequate description of the beautiful scenery along the coast would require much space so it can best be described as being beyond description.

Our genial friend, A. Bothwell, of Class 20, paid a short visit to the College a short time ago, accompanied by Mrs. Bothwell. "Alex" admits that he has gained fifty pounds in weight since he left College. We know that he is a hard worker so suspect that much of the gain is due to a happy and contented married life.

P. M. Daly of Class 21 is taking up post graduate work at the College of Agriculture, West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va. He is taking his major in Horticulture and making a special study of apple pollination.

L. C. McOuat, of Class 15, who has held the position of Lecturer in Animal Husbandry at Macdonald College for several years, has resigned to take up the position of Bacon Specialist with the Live Stock Branch at Ottawa. "Elsie" has made a host of friends at the College and they are all sorry he is leaving. They all wish him every success in the new work which he is taking up.

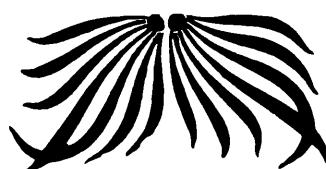
Two more graduates of Class 15 have become "fond fathers". On July 2nd. a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McOuat. The boy has done so well that J. E. says he will soon weigh more than he does himself. The boy carries the name of John Donald.

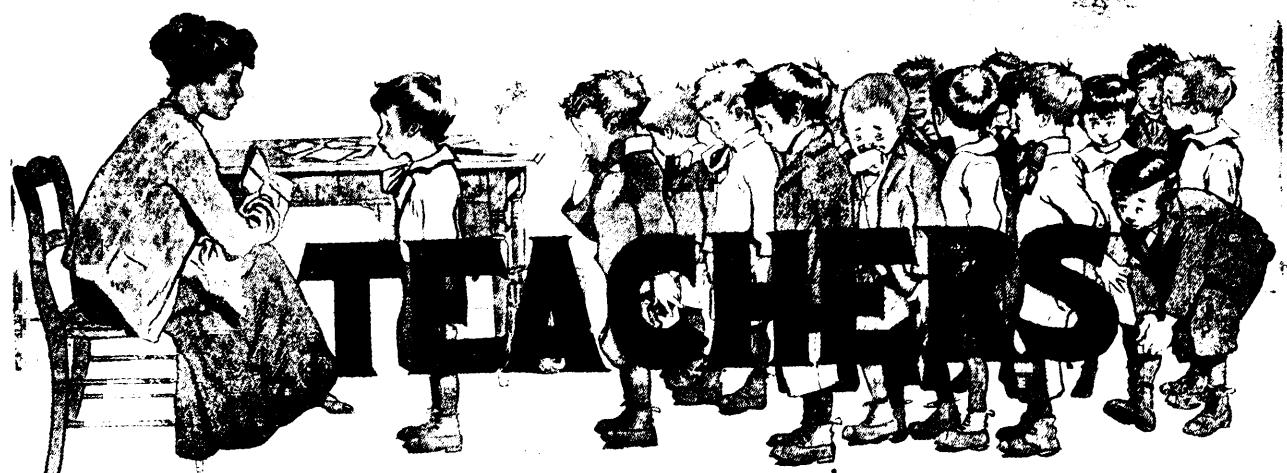
Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Ricker announce the birth of a son, Earl William, on November 23rd. at Passiac, N. J. The many friends of "Rick" and his wife all extend their hearty congratulations.

Mr. J. Sydney Dash, B. S. A., a graduate of the School of Agriculture, Macdonald College, Que., formerly Director, Station Agronomique, Pointe-a-Pitre, Guadeloupe, French West Indies, sailed from Halifax on Friday, Sept. 29th., for Trinidad, B. W. I., where he is to take up the duties of Professor of Agriculture and Agronomy in the newly created Tropical Agricultural College.

MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP

The Memorial Scholarship is available for the first time this year and the committee in charge of choosing the holder of the scholarship has awarded it to Mr. G. H. Hammond of Aylmer, Que. Hammond is a graduate of Class 21 and will take up his post graduate studies at Macdonald College early in January.





Today's Teacher

The modern teacher is the possessor of vast opportunities for wielding influence, good or bad. Canada is an immense country wherein lie innumerable possibilities. People come to us from every land—people who differ from us widely, who are unaccustomed to our standards of living. Are these people to be allowed to follow their old beliefs, or are they to be so immersed in real **Canadianism** that they will in every way be like us? These people, together with our own, must be educated.

Look abroad over this country and mark her extent: her mineral wealth, her abundance in natural resources; her extensive plains and great rivers. Note too, that mighty ocean of population ever rising and rushing towards the setting sun. In ever-increasing numbers we receive peoples of other countries, and look upon them as citizens of our own country. Sometimes they fail us, and act not as real citizens but as real enemies. These people penetrate every nook and corner of our land, and the day is not far distant when unpeopled solitudes will be unknown in Canada.

You realize all this, and ask yourself by what means these people are to be held together. Will these people be swayed and governed by a set of corrupt politicians? Will they let their honest ambition be dazzled by huge and false prizes? If not, what is to prevent it?

There is but one fundamental preventative, and that is honest education. I say honest, because I mean that education wherein a teacher gives his very best, and lives his beliefs. Our population is in part made up of people who do not always scorn base actions: who hold crime lightly. Indifferent education will never raise the morals of such people.

To all teachers whether young or old, experienced or inexperienced, the responsibility is the same. The moulding of the nation's character is in their hands — and if these people are to be our citizens, how great is that responsibility! They must teach love of truth and right living. They must further show that life is a period in which we seek to attain high ideals. It does not suffice to impart mere information, nor

to have boys and girls simply acquire learning, but it is paramount that these same boys and girls be given a high moral code of living.

Any teacher who fails to see and meet this duty fails in the fundamental obligation of a great profession.



Fall Elementary Teachers





S is for sauce
Served dry or wet,
Sometimes with puddings
More often with pep.

E's for experiments
On choice blend oolong,
Note the aroma
Of scented Soochong.

N's for the night
We ate partridge and jelly,
And wondered that game
Should always be smelly.

I is for inventories
We make out for fun,
One hundred per week
——— and then some.

O's for the ovens
That gave us some pain
To demonstrate clearly
The construction of same.

R's for resolving
To keep notes to date;
We'll never again
Hand in work late.(?)

A's for Apartment;
We know how to run it.
If you don't believe us
Go see how we've done it.

D's dehydration
Of vegetables and seeds,
Especially recommended
For Aggie grads' needs.

S is for Science;
Of courses the essence
Ever invented
To train adolescents.

1 is a number
That may appeal to you;
If you ask our opinion
We much prefer two.

9 a. m. of a Sunday
We take for our nerves
Breakfast of grapefruit,
Brown bread and preserves.

2 is for room-mates.
That's why we say
That one is so lonely -
Think what you may!

3 Counts the chaperon;
It's nice to be us;
With one in our class
We've no need to fuss.



Undergraduates

M. McLennan, '23, is teaching in the Montreal High School this winter. We have missed Mac. at the college and sincerely hope that he will be able to come here again soon.

E. B. Chaplin, '23, and Tom Kirby, '23, are still orcharding at Abbotsford but expect to do a little visiting this winter and continue their work in the spring.

P. E. Thompson, '23, paid us a visit not long ago. Percy is the same as ever.

Doug. Bradford, '24, and Ken. Hay, '24, are both working at home in Lachute. Ken is making the best of a most unfortunate situation, and we are all hoping that he will be able to finish his course as soon as possible.

George Hunt, '23, is getting along very well after his unfortunate illness of last winter and has a position in view at Ottawa. We wish George the best of health and hope that he will be able to continue at Macdonald in the near future.

Anthony F. Kurrle, '23, flew into and out of Macdonald rather hurriedly the other day. He looks quite prosperous and New York and the trade of electrician seem to agree with him.

According to the information that can be secured, Russel Cooper, of '23, is not married yet, although he is still in strong with the women. Russel is

holding down a good job with the Laurentide Pulp and Paper Company at Grand'Mere.

Jim Parker '21, is not sore at Macdonald because he got that potash in his eye, since he told Doug. Matthews that he expected to be at the girls' dance. We failed to see him there, however.

Jack Brown, '21, is down in the States now.

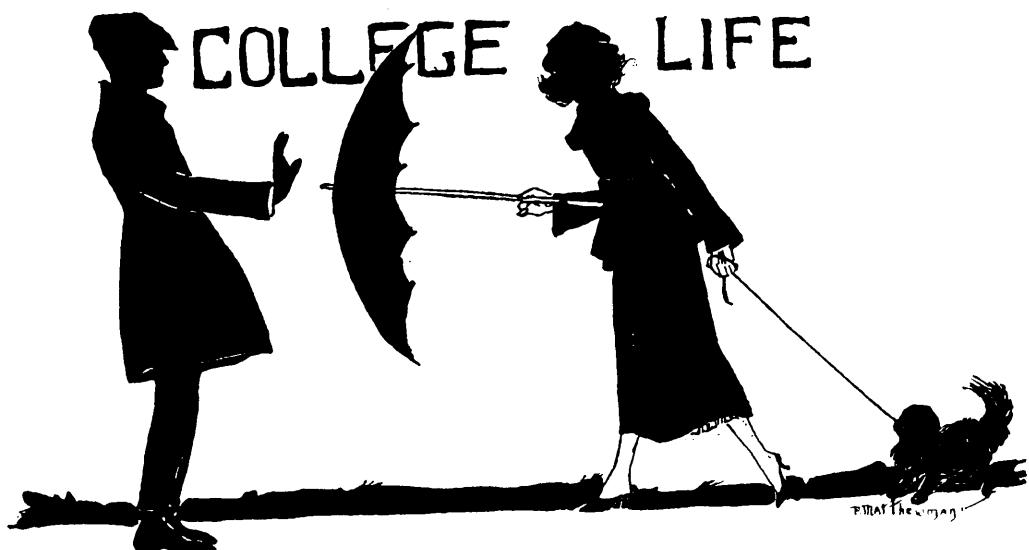
Dick Heslop '22, is still going strong with the women in Ottawa. Incidentally he is looking after a bunch of chickens at the Experimental Farm.

Doug. Edwards '23, is farming near Lachute.

Gordon Valloton, '23, was seen in Montreal last spring. Val is as husky and happy as ever.

A. Sutherland Horsey, also of '23, is out in the Golden West, grain farming.

We take the opportunity, at this time, of expressing our sympathy for those students who were recently taken away with scarlet fever; namely, A. D. Baker, '23, Jack Brigham, '25, Cooper, Fisk and Watson, '26. To their respective room mates Archie Graham, Jo Lanthier, Stan Hetherington, Little, and Leclair we also extend our wish that the Quarantine imposed has done no particular harm. We want to see all these men back at Macdonald in the near future.



Initiation

Initiation! Initiation? What does it mean? asks the new arrival when someone whispers in his ears what awaits him. In answer to his anxious enquiries no definite account of the proceedings can be given. This is a state secret. Only the Sophomores can tell. The Freshman must perforce resign himself to secret contemplation of the horrors in store for him. The first night generally witnesses the prelude, when at about 11 o'clock suddenly there is heard inside the freshman's room a crash, followed by a stupid and confused awakening on the floor in the midst of a tangle of bed and bed clothes, and outside the patterning of a score of rapidly disappearing feet. The victim takes the lesson to heart. He not only locks his door and turns the key in it, ties it, closes the transom, interlocks the cupboard doors, puts his trunk under his bed, but carefully examines every nook and cranny in his room to see if by any possible chance an unwelcome occupant has secreted himself. Nothing happens the next night. All is quiet in the residence. His fears are calmed, and he sleeps the sleep of the just.

This state of things is not destined to continue. On the third night, after all have apparently retired to bed, and stillness reigns — the calm before the storm — suddenly infernal bells resound, the hell hounds are let loose. On the locked door of the freshman's room the devil's tattoo is played, the summons goes forth to come out — blindfolded. He does not dare disregard the imperative call which seems to come from scores of voices. Out he comes, and is turned over to the tender care of one who leads him down the winding stair to the tank where he is made to jump. He falls—not into the cold water — but into the strong arms of attendant students.

“Is this the “frightfulness” I am to expect?” he asks himself. His spirits rise 100 per cent only to drop down to zero again as he reenters the gym; and is made to crawl on all-fours under the line of students who administer—something hot. This leads him to the barber's chair with its icy seat. The hair cut is in the latest style. Passing on to the beauty specialist he gets his face weirdly decorated. By this time he is feeling somewhat chilly. To cor-

rect this he is covered with paper — fly paper.

The best is yet to come. The chef has prepared an appetising morsel for him, and he is invited to partake of this in an adjoining room which is but dimly lighted.

We all enjoy sausages and macaroni. Sometimes we include pepper in the preparation of our meals. Who does not take also an occasional glass of ginger-ale?

The enjoyment of these depends on the way they are prepared, the suitability of the dishes used, and the manner of service. Ask the freshman if he relished the appetising (?) morsel.

But his troubles are not yet over. His idiosyncrasies have been noted, and definite charges are preferred against him. He is arraigned before a judge and sentenced — perhaps to sing, to make speech, to box or to do any other punishment that his Honour deems it best to inflict.

After he has signed a set of rules that will govern his conduct as a Freshman, and has received a few articles of necessary apparel, a light supper in which all partake is served. This ends the evening's performance.

Next morning a pyjama parade to breakfast, heralded by the rattle of tin pans amuses the residents on the opposite side of the campus, for whose entertainment this special feature is included.

Initiation is over. Hip! Hip! Hooray!
"X".

THE M. C. A. RECEPTION

On the evening of Sept. 30th, about the hour of eight o'clock, the modestly decorated Men's Residence was the scene of a great inpouring of young

ladies. Making their way to the gymnasium they were met by the reception committee of the Macdonald Christian Association which consisted of the Rev. Donald MacLeod, Miss Russell and Mr. J. H. Grisdale. Having duly shaken hands they were followed by the men students, who were immediately pounced upon by members of an ardent introduction committee which worked in pairs and surrounded each male individual with four of his fair co-students and gave him the pleasant task of keeping the aforesaid young ladies in a state of continued conversation.

When everyone had more or less settled to this undertaking (if it may be called such) Mr. J. H. Grisdale, the president, mounted the rostrum and in eloquent terms welcomed all the newcomers into our midst, after which a program composed of dances, games, a grand march, refreshments, more games, and dances was carried on with a large measure of success.

Dr. F. C. Harrison, our principal, extended a hearty welcome to all students and made a few other appropriate remarks.

This reception, being an annual event, is always looked forward to with much expectation; this year our expectations were fully gratified and even more. The social part of the programme — which is the essential feature of the evening — was well carried out and everyone went away with the pleasant assurance that he or she need not wander through life at Macdonald during the coming year without someone to talk to or from whom a passing smile would not be sure to appear.

The evening ended with the singing of the College Songs and the National Anthem and a good, hearty "Faint Ye."

E. K. W. '23.

CLASS '26 ORGANIZATION

The "Freshies" this year give promise of being one of the liveliest bunch of go-getters that ever entered this famous seat of learning; and so great is their ambition that by the time they reach their senior year they hope to have the name "Macdonald" a household word in every community from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Their watchword seems to be a combination of "Excelsior," "Perseverance," and Doug. Fairbank's idea of genius. They truly believe that "genius is 20 p.c. idea, 30 p.c. ability, and 50 p.c. initiative". Initiative! — that's the idea; it was nothing more than "initiative" that enabled the Freshmen to land the bacon in the tug-of-war contest; it was nothing more than "initiative" that caused eighteen Freshmen to be tanked for mussing up the sleeping quarters and upsetting the dignity of some of the upper classmen; and, with a little more "initiative", the Freshmen hope to establish among the students an esprit de corps that will give old "Mac" an added reputation for aggressiveness.

There are a larger number of men students in the School for Teachers this year than usual, and these have been united with the Aggie Freshmen in all activities with the exception of debating. This union was effected because of the fact that the teachers are here for only a year and would be unable to defend any trophies which they might possibly have won in inter-class competition.

The officers elected for the year are as follows:

Hon. President, J. P. Thompson; Hon. Vice-Pres., Mr. W. J. Tawse; President, Stan Hetherington; Vice-

Pres., Brodie Snyder; Secretary, Cecil Brownlee; Treasurer, Francis James.

CLASS '25 REORGANIZATION

Class '25 returned for the year 1922-23 without a single gap in their ranks. Since then they have added two more to their number, both old stagers, and one of them a member of the fair sex to keep their other co-ed company.

It is their purpose to keep alive the spirit which they showed in class sport and work last year; at all times, however, subjugating purely class spirit for the larger spirit which belongs to Mac as a whole. By aiding this larger spirit they hope to be able to do their share towards helping Macdonald to grow and continue to be a leader in this country.

The following officers have been elected for the coming year: Hon. President, Dr. C. J. Lynde; Pres., C. D. Fogerty; Vice-Pres., J. D. Lanthier; Sec.-Treas., S. Walford.

REORGANIZATION OF CLASS '24

Class '24 enters upon its Junior Year with that added enthusiasm and vigour that marks the initial victory of a young army. Reinforced by several gentlemen who had decided to wait for better company, and graced with the membership of one of the fairer sex, it is out to make this College year its happiest and most successful College year. Already the Class has shown its willingness to contribute its share towards life in Mac's Halls of Learning, and a spirit of work is predominant.

The officers elected are as follows: Hon. Pres., Prof. Lochhead; Hon. Vice-Pres., John G. Coulson, M.A.; Pres., K. E. Stewart; Vice-Pres., G. S. Walsh; Sec.-Treas., R. J. Haslam.

CLASS '23 REORGANIZATION

Agriculture '23 has changed considerably since first it entered Macdonald College. We started out with a body of some fifty students. This year, only fourteen of the originals remain with us. In addition, eight members who have come from other colleges or are past members of Macdonald, go to swell our members.

We are twenty-two strong; full of spirit and determination, and out to meet all of the oncoming tasks awaiting us. Tasks there are, not only those which lead to the successful completion of our stay at Macdonald, but also those which crop up in athletics and other college activities.

Already we are on the road to accomplish big things this year, having won the aggregate cup and the inter-class relay cup since the session opened.

Undoubtedly we have a strong class, and with last year's record to live up to, we can hope for still greater success this year.

The officers for this, our final year, are: Hon. Pres., Prof. B. T. Dickson; Hon. Vice-Pres., Mr. S. R. N. Hodgins; Pres., H. W. Brighton; Vice-Pres., T. C. Vanterpool; Sec., T. Armstrong; Treas., T. E. McOuat.

ORGANIZATION OF WINTER COURSE

The Winter Course students although at Macdonald for only the short period of four and a half months have endeavored to enter into the life of the college with the same spirit that characterizes the regular men.

We feel confident of holding up our end in sports and other activities, and in equalling the same record as former

classes in this Course. Our officials are: L. G. Heimpel, Hon. Pres. L. C. Raymond, Hon. Vice-Pres. Norman A. Henry, Pres. Eugene F. Kerman, Sec.-Treas. Howard Lamb, Athletics. Erskine Rodger, S. C. A.

THE VICTROLA

In spite of all the many and varied attractions of college life there are innumerable occasions, "when a feller needs a friend."

This need for many years past had been satisfied by the presence of an old timeworn victrola which though aging fast as a result of years of honorable service, even to the last braced itself when called upon in an endeavor to maintain its enviable record.

Many subdued and semi-conscious students have staggered dizzily from the classroom to seek consolation in its feeble voice and indescribable discord, which in recent years it struggled so valiantly to produce. But alas! upon seeking its services this term, after the days of easy assimilation had passed, it was found by the unfortunate bewildered ones that its presence no longer graced the artistic surroundings of the music room. Eager questions were whispered from ear to ear seeking to gain knowledge of its whereabouts. Many suggested that some poor unfortunate in a moment of extreme dejection and utter despair had relegated both himself and the victrola to his room and had there passed away in peace. Various other means of disappearance were suggested among friends, each suggestion being made as timidly and as quietly as possible as if afraid of conveying to one another to what extent the full enjoyment of col-

lege life depended upon this relic of the past.

Suspense had reached the breaking point when a voice (no one knows whose) volunteered the information that this priceless antiquity had been stolen. Stolen! it sent a shiver through every being. Remorse and regret, was apparent on every face. To the discriminating musician this had been an object of pity; to the lovers of the antique it had represented a treasure of the ages; but to the average student knowing little about music and caring less about antiques it had filled a place which nothing else could fill.

Why had not this treasure of such extreme valuation been placed safely under lock and key? Such priceless works of art should never go unprotected. But it has gone and with it goes the wish of every student that the receiver of this stolen property will value it if only for the peace of mind which it brought to countless seeking enlightenment when enshrouded and submerged beneath the unfathomable depths of impenetrable science.

Its production of music of any description was always a mystery, but its disappearance during the period when the short course for rural ministers was being conducted within these venerated walls, must also remain unsolved.

Realizing the misery deep seated in the heart of every student, a bright youth in a moment of inspiration breathed forth a suggestion, the wisdom of which was at once recognized and acted upon with great alacrity. A substitute, bright, new and 100 percent efficient has replaced the stolen relic of the past. The hand which reached out during the mysterious

darkness robbed us of a relic, but gave to us music.—F. D. '23.

“THE HOBO PARTY”

“Come just as you are — and if you have any older clothes, come worse than you are.”

Such was the invitation that was extended to one and all of the student body on the occasion of a Hobo Party given in the girls' gymnasium on October the fifth. Some of the guests went as far as their reputation, others went past it, and the general results not to be seen every day. Black hoboes, white hoboes, dirty hoboes, semi-clean hoboes, and the same adjectives applying to the many hoboesses that adorned the hall.

By eight o'clock the family of hoboes were all present, some taking more naturally than others to the new environment, and the music struck up for the first dance. At this moment, however, the entrance of a strange looking animal of equine outline marred the proceedings (and part of the piano) by its wild caperings about the hall. It was at length captured and rendered harmless by separating the front legs from the hind, and the company gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the dancing. Tie inspectors from the West danced with slum girls from the East; loafer's assistants danced with poverty stricken wretches from Haveabunski; ragged Dutchmen whirled the gay fantastic with millinery clerks; dimpling school girls tripped daintily over the floor with bronzed heroes of the underworld—in general, everyone had a pretty good time.

After the Grand March for the selection of the most parasitized costume, and a temporary relapse into our an-

estral habits by hunting the elusive peanut, prizes were presented by Miss Russell to Miss Kingsland for the worst (or best?) hobo costume, and to Miss Algeo for her abilities in tracing peanuts to their lairs.

At ten o'clock, a stampede, typically hoboic in character, took place when supper was announced and all present turned their attention to the "hand outs" by Miss Green in the foyer outside the dining room below. Here the hoboes assumed the role of gentlemen

and saw that the wants of all the hoboesses were been satisfied. Supper finished the entertainment, and all departed to their respective buildings for a good clean up so they might again be able to face the world, smile on it, and the smile be seen. The evening was a jolly one and the arrangements went very smoothly throughout. May we soon have another party of a like character.

(A. D. B. '23).



Prof., to student making microscopical drawings — You resemble an Irish potato in keenness of observation.

Bewildered Student — I don't see your point, sir.

Prof. — That's just it; potatoes have eyes, yet they cannot see.

Dr. J. to J. B. S. (late) — Greetings!
J. B. S. — Salutations!

L. C. McO. — In Agriculture, what does F. O. B. stand for?

Freshman — Fed on bran!

Mic — What would you do if a girl kissed you?

Mac — I'd kiss her back.

Mic — What would you do if she was a tall girl?

(Exchange)

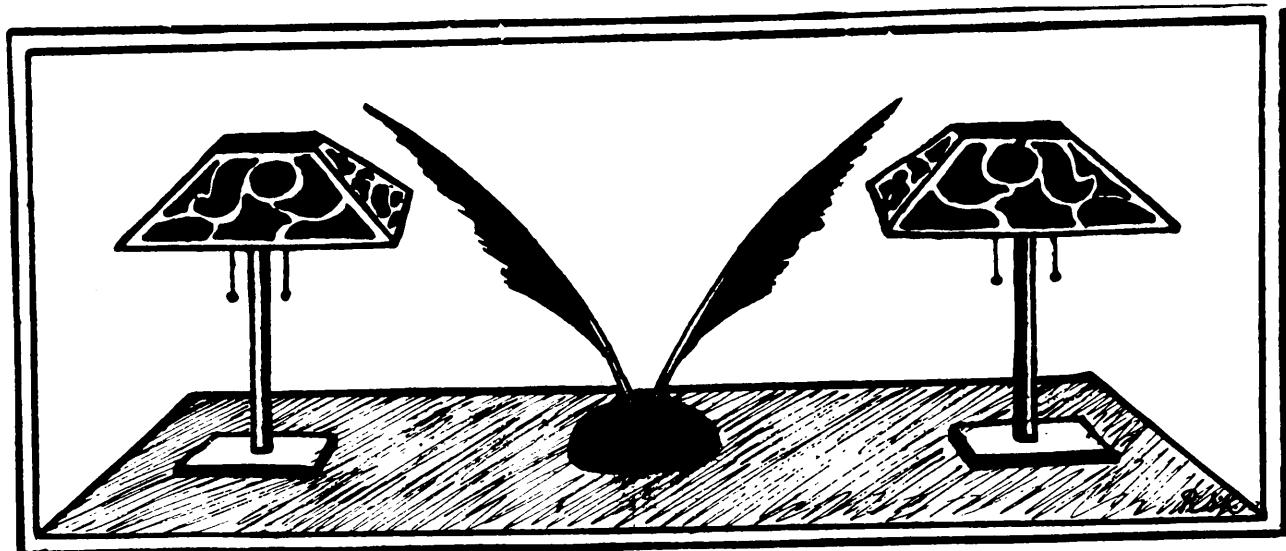
That Hallowe'en Night Rugby Game was thrilling — but the ball burst on the first down! (Pumpkins make poor rugby balls anyway.)

Mac — Let's challenge the girls to a game of football!

Steve — My, no, there'll be too much interference.

Stew. — And a terrible lot of fumbling, too.

Mac — But it will give the girls a chance to play inside wing though.



St. John's College Cambridge.

October 17, 1922

Dear Editor,

About a year ago "Maggie" McGreer was in such dire need of copy for the mag. that he asked me to write an article on college life at Cambridge, but as my knowledge of the subject was of the scrappiest, and my inherent tendencies very much opposed to the writing of articles, the suggestion never bore fruit, and "Maggie" sought his material elsewhere to better effect. With the commencement of another year, however, and the return of Autumn, my thoughts often go back to dear old Mac., the jolly times we used to have, and the friends I made there. Fain would I write to all of them but individual letters are out of the question, so a good general one printed in your pages seems rather a good wheeze, if you can find room to slip it in.

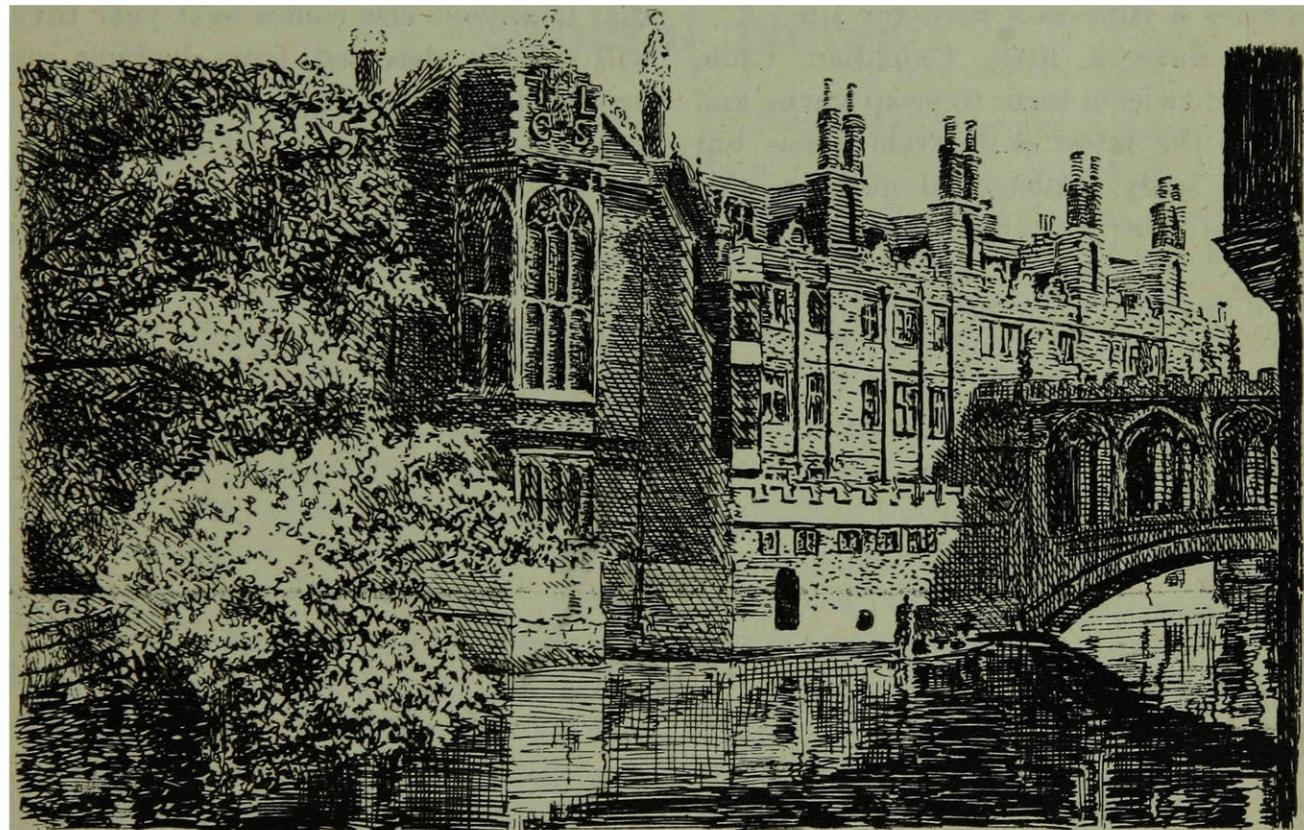
Autumn does not visit us with quite the splendour that you are blessed with in Canada, but Cambridge in these still, golden days takes a lot of beating. Flaming creepers and glossy ivy cover most of the old colleges, whose stone or brick is mellowed by centuries of sunshine and rain; the ancient avenues of lime and elm on the "Backs" are

touched with orange and yellow, and the purple haze that softens everything gives an atmosphere of peace that all the five thousand undergrads together couldn't shake. In the midst of this it is my privilege to occupy a palatial set of rooms with a large bay window and cushioned window seat literally overhanging the river, which just here resembles a Venetian canal. Opposite is the river front of St. John's Third Court and the beautiful oriel window in the library, dated 1624, said to be the finest example of that particular style of architecture in either of the Universities. Downstream I look across a bend of the river into the Master's garden; upstream I can see over the "Bridge of Sighs", the "Kitchen Bridge", Trinity Master's and Fellows' gardens, to the oldest range of Trinity College and the library designed by Christopher Wren, while above tower the crocketed pinnacles of the famous King's Chapel.

The life here is very different to anything on your side of the pond. We are expected to live in style, as befits a gentleman, with a sitting-room, bedroom, and "gyp" or tiny kitchen; they are nicely furnished, and one studies in comfort in a big armchair by the fire. Breakfast and lunch we get in our own rooms, with a "bedder" (bedmaker) to

set the table and clear away; tea usually in the lab. and dinner in the College Hall at night. "Hall" is a great institution, only to be signed off twice a week; everyone must wear his gown, and the rows of undergrads sitting on benches at the polished oak tables with their gowns hanging down behind present a strange sight to a newcomer. At the end of the Hall on a raised dais is the High Table, where sit the Fellows and Dons, while the walls are covered with pictures and portraits of the former

reached such a complexity that very few are fully *au fait* with the subject. The arrangement of periods is very different to that followed in most Canadian Universities; lectures are given in the morning from 9 till 1, though an individual seldom has more than two to attend in a morning, the object being to make a student work for himself and not to spoon-feed him. The afternoon is almost entirely reserved for sports, and lectures are resumed after tea at 5 p.m., with an occasional lecture in the evening



Masters, benefactors, and celebrities of the College in all manner of costume from the Elizabethan ruff to present day dress. Wordsworth is our best known celebrity, but some of the Colleges can boast such historical personages as Erasmus, Milton, Cromwell, and Darwin.

Each of the 17 Colleges is a separate institution, originally intended to accommodate the teachers of the University, but later admitting students and supervising their work for the University degrees. The interrelation of the Colleges and the University has now

of a more popular nature. The result is that almost everyone takes an active part in rowing, rugger, soccer, lacrosse, field hockey, athletics, fives, or racquets, all of which may be followed throughout the winter. Inter-collegiate leagues are organised for the field games and the rowing races are keenly contested. Since our little river will not permit more than two eights to row abreast, "bumping" races have been originated in which about seventeen boats are started each two lengths apart, and each strives to overtake and bump the boat

ahead. Great is the rivalry to be "head of the river", the boat that reaches the front of the first division and is never bumped.

One effect of the popularity of sports is the startling variety of gaily-coloured blazers (flannel jackets) to be seen in town on a fine afternoon, each College having its own colours, and these arranged in different combinations of stripes for the various branches of sport. Competition for "Colours" is very keen, and he who plays for the Varsity and becomes a Blue is a hero for life.

We have a little Canadian Club, meeting twice a term to swap yarns and discuss the latest news from home, but we are sadly depleted in numbers this year as most of those who remained

after the war have gone back, albeit reluctantly in many cases.

I was very disappointed on returning in August from a yachting holiday on the Norfolk Broads to find a card on my lab. table reading: Miss Dorothy Newton "*gone to Paris*". Apparently "Dot" and her sister were over here seeing something of the world and had taken the trouble to hunt out my lair, only to find it empty. It would have been such a joyful surprise to have seen some good old Mac. faces again; I hope that if anyone else comes next year they will not be deterred from looking me up by the Newton girls' bad luck. Cambridge will well repay a visit, anyway.

Yours truly

L. G. Saunders. Agr. '20



Prof. Snell (at conclusion of test) — Well, Mr. McGarrigle, did you have enough time to get finished?

Mc — No sir, I hardly had time enough to get started.

Ward — Why is Fizzix Lab. so much like a kitchen?

Mitch — Don't know, can't say.

Ward — Because there is so much "cooking" done in it.

Pop — To control onion maggots the poison is poured into shallow pans filled with excelsior.

Sir Herbert — What is this Excelsior you speak of, sir?

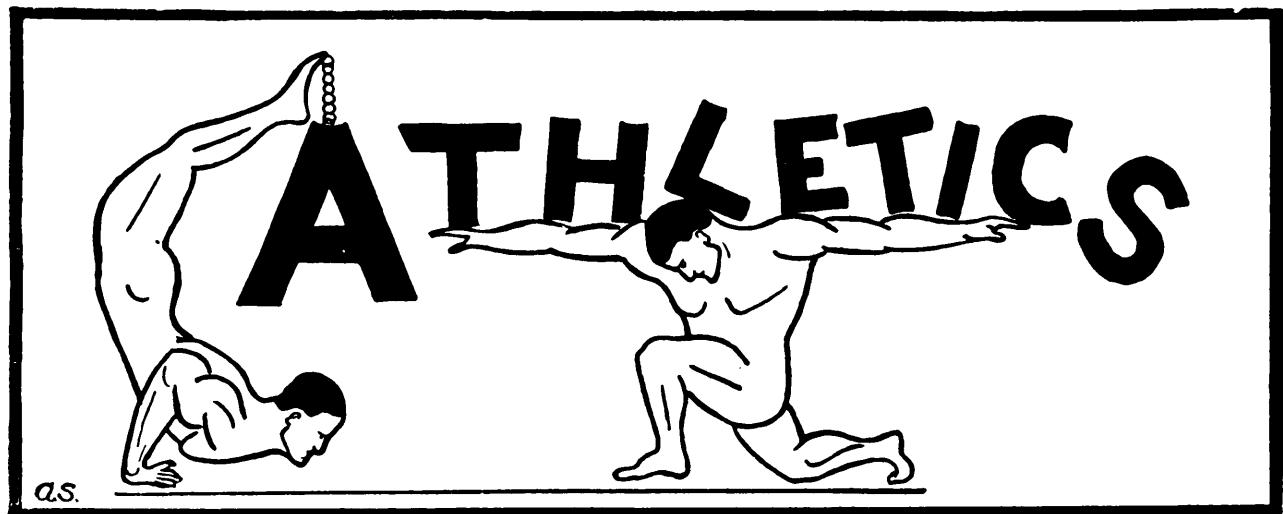
Class (in chorus) — Sawdust!

Prof. — What is H_2O ?

Science Girl — Water.

Prof. — What is CH_2O ?

S. G. — Sea water.



General Notes

The year of 1922-23 which is now well under way has every promise of being a success.

Although we at Macdonald are handicapped in that our number are exceedingly small yet there is an active spirit alive amongst us, which is after all the thing that counts, and to which our success in the past has been largely due. We feel sure this spirit is still alive and that it will show itself in the near future.

In past years the Rugby season has not been a success, this year has been a repetition. But when we stop to consider the numbers we have to pick from as compared with other institutions we play with, we don't feel that we are living under any disgrace; as the old saying is "never give up is the secret of Glory". The boys turned out regularly for practices, it being the first season for many of them. They made rapid strides under the able coaching of Dr. Conklin, and although they failed to win a single game, nevertheless much credit is due to them for the spirit in which they fought it out until the final whistle blew.

This year we are again represented in the Montreal City and District Basket Ball and Indoor Base Ball leagues.

In basket-ball we are represented by Intermediate and Junior teams, and hope soon to have a base ball team, also in the running. Two years ago in this league the Faculty base ball team never lost a single game, and it is hoped that the Macdonald students' team will make as good a showing this season. We have the material; all we need is the practice. In basket-ball we are somewhat more handicapped on account of so many of our last year's best players graduating. However, the arrival of the Freshman and Winter Course has given us some promising material, which has already shown itself, and will no doubt continue to do so.

In previous years, hockey has played an important part in athletics here. Last year "Mac" entered a team in the inter-faculty series of McGill University and it came through without losing a game on the home ice. This year, with the type of men that the winter course has brought with them, should be no less successful. In fact there seems no reason why we shouldn't win the series.

In addition to the above there are also three series of interclass games, one in basket-ball, one in indoor base-

ball and another in hockey. The winners of the first series are presented with the Robertson shield, while the interclass hockey, games are played for the Boving cup.

The athletic executive now holding office is constituted as follows:

Pres., J. B. Smith; Vice-Pres., G. S. Walsh; Sec., K. Stewart; Treas., F. Dimmock.

FIELD DAY

That day of days, the annual Field Day, so eagerly anticipated by every student, where rivalry is at its highest, and every nerve and muscle of those contesting is strained to the utmost to do the best for his year, was held on Wednesday afternoon, October 11th.

The ideal weather conditions and the large attendance of the ladies made the day a success beyond expectations.

Much credit is due Mr. J. B. Smith, President of the Men's Athletic Association for his untiring efforts in arranging the programme for the Field Day.

The officials of the afternoon, who handled the contests so efficiently, were:

Judges—Dr. Lynde, Dr. Jull.

Time keeper—Dr. Dickson.

Starter—Mr. A. R. Ness.

Scorer—Mr. J. A. Coulson.

Judge of measurements — Mr. L. C. McOuat.

Announcer — Mr. W. Tawse.

J. B. Smith, who, on account of his splendid performances, won the Individual Championship with a score of 28 points, was closely followed by Vanterpool with a score of 20 points. R. Smith came third with a score of 15 points.

Rolleston is to be congratulated on

being the only man to break a College record this year, jumping 19 ft. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. in the running broad jump.

The Seniors won the day quite easily with a total score of 98 points while the Juniors captured second place.

The following is the order of events and their winners:

2 miles — 1, Perron; 2, Holden; 3, Haslam. Time, 12 min. 9 4-5 sec.

100 yards — 1, R. Smith; 2, Vanterpool; 3, Armstrong. Time 11 seconds.

Shot Put — 1, J. B. Smith; 2, Rolleston; 3, Johansson. Distance, 33 ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

220 yards — 1, Vanterpool; 2, R. Smith; 3, Armstrong. Time 25 2-5 sec.

One mile — 1, Perron; 2, El-Walford; 3, Ward. Time, 5 min. 35 3-5 sec.

Running Broad Jump — 1, Rolleston; 2, J. B. Smith; 3, Vanterpool. Distance 19 ft. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

High Jump — 1, J. B. Smith; 2, Vanterpool; 3, Rolleston. Height, 5 ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

440 yards — 1, Maw; 2, R. Smith; 3, Bowen. Time, 1 min. 2 2-3 sec.

Pole Vault — 1, J. B. Smith; 2, Hay; 3, Rolleston. Height, 7 ft. 9 in.

Hurdles — 1, Vanterpool; 2, R. Smith; 3, Bowen. Time, 20 sec.

Half Mile — 1, Maw; 2, Perron; 3, W. Walker. Time, 2 min. 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

Standing Broad Jump — 1, J. B. Smith; 2, Rolleston; 3, R. Smith. Distance, 8 ft. 11 in.

Hop Step and Jump — 1, J. B. Smith; 2, Vanterpool; 3, Rolleston. Distance. 37 ft. 9 in.

FOOTBALL

With the early opening of the College year, rugby players found a better opportunity to get into shape for the season this year than formerly. The team enjoyed the advantages, also for the first time, of efficient coaching.

and too much thanks cannot be expressed to Dr. Conklin for his interest, which is all the more appreciated, as his time is at present fully engaged with urgent research work.

The season from a winning point of view, cannot be conveniently classed as successful, but handicapped as we are by a small student body, the showing made has been none to be ashamed of. The Freshmen were out in good numbers, and the enthusiasm showed at the practices augurs well for the future of football at the College. In one's Freshman and Sophomore years it seems rather difficult to catch a place on the team, but this year's Freshmen seem to have realized that efficiency comes only with practice, and they have certainly started off in the right direction. Although some of our best men graduate this spring, next year's team, with the experience of the past season, should impress Macdonald's mark more deeply in the League. The team this year suffered more than its share of injuries, and no doubt its indifferent showing has been due to this factor more than to anything else. It is well for several of us to remember, however, that the keynote of all successful playing lies in the word 'Work' — work following the ball. At practices each man should lose three or four pounds, and in a match he should endeavour to lose ten. He is not working hard enough if he doesn't, and such slackness is inexcusable — yea, criminal — when such an insignificant loss can be easily repaired at the excellent training table it is the privilege of the team to enjoy during its period of activity.

Loyola 27. Macdonald 5

Our first game was played at home against the Loyola XII. It was a terribly windy and cold day and the game

consequently a kicking game. Macdonald drew first blood when "Joe" Lanthier kicked over the dead line for a point. Shortly after, Stan Hetherington sustained a broken leg and had to be carried off the field, and Graham twisted his ankle. This cast a gloom over the team from which it hardly recovered and Loyola ran up a score of 13 in the first half, adding 14 more in the second half, whilst Macdonald totalled five.

Line up: Lanthier, Brigham, Maw, Graham, Bowen, Amaron, Stewart, Armitage, McKibbin, Hetherington, Matthews, Fogerty. Spares: McGarrigle, Mitchell, Pierce, Holden, Wurtzburger, Bertholle.

Loyola stayed for tea, and left for home at 7 p.m. after an interchange of speeches, yells, and much good feeling.

McGill Juniors 17. Macdonald 0

Our next game, with the McGill Juniors, was played on Oct. 21st, the day that Jupiter Pluvius was so jubilant. Fast work was impossible, and time and time again yards were made by the player sliding along the slippery ground or over other players. Fumbling was predominant on account of the slippery ball, and McGill gained three unconverted try's and a safety touch. Mac's line held well, but the team lacked scoring ability, many good chances being lost through over-eagerness. Jim Smith shone at line plunging, the mass of mud and slush on his suit lending additional momentum. He was easily the outstanding figure on the field.

The team was the same as in the first game except that Grisdale and Walford replaced Graham and Hetherington.

Loyola-13.

On Oct. 28th the team again tra-

velled to Montreal for the return game with Loyola, and with high hopes. Bertholle and McGarrigle replaced Grisdale (an injured ankle) and Armitage, whilst Amaron was back at his old place at quarter. Macdonald played her best game of the season, holding the strong Loyola line, and making her yards on almost every occasion. Jack Brigham fell on a fumbled ball behind the goal line in the third quarter for Mac's only score, and the game ended with Macdonald pressing. The wings played a much better game, getting down under punts well and tackling surer. Amaron, Lanthier and Smith played fine football.

Line up — Amaron, Lanthier, Brigham, Maw, Bowen, Walford, Fogerty, Smith, Bertholle, McGarrigle, Stewart, Matthews. Spares: Mitchell, Graham.

In the evening Mac. enjoyed Loyola's hospitality.

McGill Juniors 25. Maedonald 0

The final game on Nov. 1st, was with the McGill Juniors. McGill started on the run and in the first quarter piled up 10 points, but Mac tightened up and by steady playing held the Red and White in the next period. In the last moments of this quarter, however, Lanthier and McKibbin were injured and had to be carried off. Brigham then did the punting, but the lead was too great, and at the end Mac found herself at the other end of a 25-0 score.

Line up: Lanthier, Brigham, Maw, Bowen, Walford, Fogerty, Armitage, Smith, McKibbin, Stewart, Matthews. Mitchell. Spares: McGarrigle, Pierce.

C.R.M. '24

GYM NIGHT

“To box or not to box,” that is the question!”

We've turned out some good ring-men in the past under the able direction of Sgt.-Major Sharpe. But during the last two years attendance at the weekly gym. classes has dwindled to almost nothing.

The contributory causes to this are many.

1. Skating is easily the most popular evening pastime here during the ice season. When boxing interferes with skating it seems that boxing must stand aside.

2. The number of men students at Macdonald is not great enough to provide a large class of really interested men, in any case.

3. The time at which the classes are held is another adverse factor to a large attendance. One has hardly time to change into gym. clothes after supper before the class is on. Yet this time, viz: 7 to 8 p.m., is the only available period.

As things are now, it seems that the attendance at gym. classes this year would be even lower than in past years. If a sufficiently large regular attendance at weekly class could be guaranteed, the Athletic Executive would not hesitate to arrange for the services of a competent instructor.

McK. '23.

INTERCLASS BASKET BALL

Perhaps the games in which we are all most interested and in which most enthusiasm is shown are the interclass games. It seems to be more of a case of competition both among the players and rooters for on that evening a gentle wave flows from the haven of the fairer sex to boost both sides, this puts spirit into the games, and gives both sides the flying stride.

This series began Nov. 21st with Sophomores and Freshmen leading off with a score of 15-24 in the Sophs favor.

In the first period the Sophs displayed good combination. Cooke giving

INTERCLASS TUG O'WAR

The interclass tug o'war was held Nov. 8th. It was in every respect a very closely contested pull, every fel-



OUR RUGBY TEAM — IN PART



(Messrs. Amaron, Bertholle, Graham, Grisdale, Hetherington, Holden and Wurtzburger who made up the rest of the team unfortunately do not appear in this photograph. Ed.)

them a good boost with several baskets. In the last period the Freshmen speeded up considerably, bringing their end of the game up from 0 to 15. James was the outstanding man, but during the playing the ball was fouled several times. It is only through plenty of practice that this can be avoided. There is good material on both sides.

Sophomores — Cooke, Brigham, Fogerty, Walford, Hill.

Freshman — Snider, Cooke, James, Walker, Pearce.

low making his strength respond to the occasion.

The first pull was between the Sophomores and Freshmen. The former gave the latter a hard pull, but the husky Freshmen finally got their opponents over the line.

The Juniors gave the Seniors a mighty hard pull, but having no strength to spare, were gradually pulled over the line with that last Senior effort.

The final between the Seniors and Freshmen was probably the most ex-

eiting of the three. The Freshmen, however, seemed to have the weight and after a long struggle succeeded in gaining the day, thereby winning the much-coveted cup.

Seniors — J. B. Smith (Capt.), Armitage, Dimmock, Vanterpool, McOaat, Burke, Rolleston.

Juniors — McGarigle (Capt.) R. Smith, Haslam, Walsh, Matthews, Stewart, Mitchell.

Sophomores — Ward, (Capt.), Walford, Tully, Brigham, Fogerty, Cooke, Leblanc.

Freshmen — Johansen, (Capt.), Hay, Simmonds, Brownlee, Rousseau, Fraser, Pearce.

EXHIBITION BASKET-BALL

This game played Nov. 14th, was more or less the opening of the basketball season; before this only preliminary practices were held with no particular line up.

This game started off with lots of snap, which was kept up pretty much all the way through especially with the College team. Our boys soon gained the spectator's eyes, for the game was hardly started, when Maw made one of his sure flying goals. He was soon followed by R. Smith who also made a very accurate shot.

During the first period the staff played very well, but their lack of combination and several fouls gave the students the advantage.

In the second period they speeded up considerably. Skinner doing first-class work, J. B. Smith was ever ready to stop the ball, passing it to Maw who scored most of the goals.

Considering this to be the first real game of the season, it was considered a fair exhibition and enjoyed by the

spectators, numbering many of our friends across the compass.

College — Maw, R. Smith, J. B. Smith, Grisdale, Bowee.

Staff, — Skinner, Amaron, Cankin, Sharpe, Major.

BASEBALL

At the time of going to press, one good fast game of baseball and a number of wild and woolly ones had been played in the gym by the aspiring ball tossers of this seat of learning. The less said of the wild and woolly exhibitions, the better; for they contained some of the weirdest baseball that the present chronicler has ever had occasion to gaze upon, and included one wild heave into the balcony, a number of exciting hare-and-hound chases around the bases, and a lot of bad language.

However, the recent match between the college team and the faculty nine was a good exhibition of the popular indoor sport and ended in a victory for the students by a score of 9 to 4. The venerable Mr. Skinner being hammered for all of ten safe hits.

The trouble started in the first stanza when Frank Clayton came to bat with two men on the paths. Frank swings a nasty bat, and before the opposition realized what had happened, he had stepped into a fast one and knocked the old pill for a row of Russian kopeks, much to the joy of the heavily-muled proletariat in the expensive balcony pews. This little contribution gave our entry a 3-run lead, which they carried to the end of the game.

On the student nine, Mr. Vanterpool performed with great effect. He was ably assisted by the team behind him and had the game well in hand throughout the nine innings, ending the siesta

with great eclat by forcing the heavy hitting Prof. Summerby to take three healthy wallops at the ozone with the bases full, and two down, in the last half of the ninth.

Mr. Paul Berthol was an interested spectator.

The sanguinary details are herewith chronicled in sack-cloth and ashes.

TEAMS

Students — Dimmock, Vanterpool, Clayton, MacKibbin, Bob. Smith, Armstrong, B. Snyder, Atwell.

Staff — Ness, Skinner, Summerby, Duport, Amaron, Raymond, Jull, Major.

Score by innings:

	R.	H.	E.
Students	30	200130	—9 10 3
Staff	01	110100	—4 6 2

Batteries: Vanterpool and Dimmock; Skinner and Ness.

Umpires: Walsh and Heslop.

THE GIRLS' SWIMMING MEET

Among the many activities of the girls at Macdonald College, swimming plays no small part. The evening of the meet was eagerly looked forward to, and a great number of the girls were present on Thursday, November 23, when both Science and Teachers gave a demonstration of aquatic sports.

From the first event to the last, the spectators forgot everything except the swimming, and such a thing as being annoyed at the splashes which came every five seconds was not even thought of. There were races, fancy strokes, stunts, and dives. By far the most outstanding event was the last. The dives ranged everywhere from the

Swan to the Charlie Chaplin Dive. No doubt some were more than amusing, but all were well and gracefully done. Another interesting feature was the demonstration of teaching given by Miss Heathcote. Here real progress was shown. Some of the girls who knew nothing of swimming when they came to the college swam the full width of the tank!

The evening was a very successful and enjoyable one. Thanks must be given to Miss G. Amaron, swimming manager, and to Miss Heathcote, who has entered heart and soul into her work here, and spends most of her spare time in trying to bring the girls' athletics up to as high a standard as possible.

As Miss Heathcote announced the events, Dean Laird blew the whistle for the start. The judges were: Miss Philp and Miss Babb. Miss Russel recorded the names of the winners.

The events and results were as follows:—

- 1.—Long Plunge — G. Amaron, N. Senkler.
2. — Relay Race — Team: N. Senkler, P. Leet, M. Fraser, H. Edward.
3. — Stroke Demonstration.
4. — Candle Race — L. Butler, M. Fraser.
5. — Underwater Swimming — G. Amaron, D. Sangster.
6. — Demonstration of Teaching — Miss Heathcote.
7. — Speed Race — N. Senkler, G. Amaron.
8. — Sculling Race — L. Butler, M. Bradley.
9. — Lobster Race — G. Amaron, Symons.
10. — Egg and Spoon Race — H. Gardner, M. Bradley.

11. — Porpoise Swimming.
 12. — Stunts.
 13. — Dives.
 Final results:—

1.—G. Amaron, 18 points.
 2.—L. Butler, 11 points.
 3.—N. Senkler, 9 points.

Bertha B. Friedman.



Side-lights on the Thanksgiving Quarantine

The Thanksgiving Quarantine

(Written Nov. 17, 1922)

—is reading poetry,
—is writing a letter,
And I attempt to write this verse,
For want of something better.

We have been told to gargle our
throats
And told to gargle them well;
Somebody puts some stuff,
On all our hankies to smell.

So we garde our throats, and smell,
And do just as we're told
But Oh! for the dance tonight,
With all the boys of old.

We feel life is a burden
And eagerly long for death,
Or just a whiff at the dance tonight,
Of someone's hoary (?) breath.

—wrote a letter,
And cried all afternoon,
—cried this morning,
And I am going to soon.

Our mothers have all phoned us,
We said we were quite well,
But even as we said it,
We all felt punk as—

We sit and dream of the dance
We sit and dream of our home,
But still we three—and just we three,
Sit here and mourn alone.

(Three verses censored)

We then felt lonesome,
Lonesome and blue;
It is the night of the dance,
And we have nothing to do

But to sit and think,
Of what might have been,
And curse our rotten luck,
Tho' we know it is a sin.

So—draws us as we sit,
And—rests her weary head,
We all have done our little bit,
And now yearn longingly for bed.
"We Three."

CLASSIC STUFF

The shades of night were falling fast
The fool "stepped on it"—and rush-
ed past.
A Crash! He died without a sound
They opened up his head and found—
Excelsior! —Selected.

The style of women's dresses becom-
ing longer has one advantage: they
won't have to remain standing up in a
street car because they have a hole in
the knee of their stocking.



My First Fuss At College

The day had come. I was to take a young lady out to afternoon tea, — in college language-fuss. As the day the deed was done might disclose my identity, I shall not tell you here; but if you can find out for yourself, you are most welcome to the information.

The day had come with a vengeance too, for with it came an almost blinding snowstorm, and a howling wind. Walking was close to impossible so that after I had gotten up the necessary nerve, ambition, or whatever it pleases you to call it, I asked her if she would mind if I took her arm — in case I fell. I did this, not because I am not experienced in the art of fussing—not by a long shot — but simply because it is improper to take a young lady's arm in the afternoon. *Ca va sans dire.*

We went merrily along, blithe as the winter breeze, until we arrived at that place of love and joy, so well known to the Macdonald student, namely Mrs. Wright's. It is in this same huge and handsome stone house, that Cupid gives

vent to all his antics: here it is that he 'severly wounds' so many, and yes, often captures many of our fine young men. They say it is for better or for worse, but it will take a more clever man than I am to tell which has the majority. If you are willing to take a little tip, fellows, from an old man like me, by far the best plan is to have a few real good fights before marriage. Then you will at least have an idea as the nature of your 'future life', and much more important have a better idea of how to 'treat' 'em rough, after the knot is tied. Now please do not take to heart all I have just said for married life is often not as bad as it is put up to be. I speak from experience of course.

I started to write about fussing but sticking to the subject is about as difficult for me as it is for a great many people in this world. However I tried to carry on what I thought was an interesting enough conversation. What she thought about it is not for me to

say. That is one of the few difficult things to find out from one of the often artificially fairer sex. I would have had as much hope of finding that, as I would have had if I had unknowingly been led into an argument with her. And in this case only, I am not referring to any delectable damsel in particular, it applies to all of the weaker sex. We partook of the necessary light refreshments which were very delicious. (And of course she had to have tomato sandwiches, and please don't forget this is the middle of the winter.)

Here I made a bad break, even after my long experience. I left her waiting fully thirty seconds while I spoke to a certain elderly gentleman. Now everybody knows that for a woman to keep a man waiting is quite O. K., but unfortunately for me, this time the afore-mentioned well-known fact was changed around. And, to change it is terrible unless you know enough to talk back, (sometimes) I might have been fortunate enough to get into a two day argument, but it surely must have been the thirteenth of the month that day. I say fortunate because I am one of the few elderly men that can successfully argue with a woman, young, old or otherwise. That is to the extent of knowing enough to keep quiet as soon as they start to talk.

However, to make a very long and interesting story short, we meandered home, she all the time cursing the weather, and me doing the best I could to keep me on my feet. We wandered through the hall in the Main Building, stopped to see if there was any mail—which there was not—and she took me home. Thus was ended another Saturday afternoon at Macdonald.

I almost forgot to tell you that I was a full fifteen minutes late for this engagement. What I said to my best shirt, which was the greatest cause of delay, I cannot tell you as this is Sunday. Also what she said to me when I showed up late, might have to be censored. It was rather long and uninteresting anyway.

I was a humble sophomore at Macdonald in 1899. They used to say that sophomores were all right except for everything they said and did. And to-day I think it is nearly true. However, I must hurry on for fear of tiring you (if I have not already done so). I am now the minister of Agriculture in Arabia, a flourishing dairy country, and I thought it might be interesting to the present day students, to know something of the old days at their Alma Mater.

But to finish my story at last, my good wife heard about this very fortunate and unfortunate Saturday afternoon, and according to latest reports there is not enough paper in the world at present to record all that 'she' had to say. I write the word She in parenthesis, because I am one of the happy tho' married ones in the world today. I love my wife and she loves me as much as she loves her dog. Why she loves it, as much as myself, I never could see. Possibly it is because we are distantly related to the monkeys. Even at present, I don't think that it would be quite safe to tell her that she, also, is related to our agile friends.

. Sir Ernest R. Love, M.S.A., Ph.D.

Melbourne, Arabia.

EAR-RINGS

At last the ear is coming into its own. For years and years it has been neglected, hidden behind carefully arranged piles of hair. But now it is about to be given its freedom to appear in public and receive the admiration that it justly deserves. Our attention is forcibly drawn to the scenes of the coming revelations by the widespread use of the last remains of savagery — ear-rings.

At the time when ear-rings lately came into prominence, the man in the street, unaccustomed to think of ears as a feminine adjunct, asked himself, "Wonder what they're attached to — these ear-rings?" In her usual timid but alluring manner, woman answered by wearing her hair half an inch higher at the neck. We men all stand agape — "She's got ears just like the rest of us!" Radicals even go so far as to predict in their dogmatic manner that by February the ear will be totally exposed. They reason by the law of Human Inconsistency.

As I think of the huge proportions that this advance in beautification is assuming, I am forced to ask myself in all earnestness. "Can we men, who for years have upheld the beauty and gracefulness of the ear, allow women to ruthlessly break into this sacred sphere of ours as they have entered all our others? Must we submit to this intrusion, and cling to the moustache as our only unassailable male heritage; shall we assert the authority we hold through prolonged usage, and force woman to cover her ears; or shall we follow the lines of progress and bring our own 'to the front' by using the same barbaric but effective means of publicity?

For years the ear has been held as a criterion of refinement and intelligence. For a corresponding length of time woman has carefully hidden hers. Now, believing she has reached our plane, she brazenly asserts her claim by **advertising** her ears. Gentlemen, we still have ears, which still show the same traits as of yore. Let us direct attention to **our** hall-marks of intelligence, so that woman will cover her ears again in shame. Let us **wear** ear-rings!

S. W.

Want — This place certainly turns out fine men.

Decartes — When did you graduate?

"Didn't graduate; they turned me out." — Notre Dame Juggler.

One of our Frosh tells us that he has figured that if 3,000 miles of razor blades were laid end to end they would reach from Halifax to Vancouver.

He — Women are divided into two classes.

She — Really?

He — Yes, those who write to Rudolph Valentino, and those who can't write — (Jack-o'-Lantern.)

Edith: "This is the first time I've ever been kissed by a man."

Rudolph: "That's a sort of slam at the rest of 'em, isn't it?"

Mule in the barnward, lazy and slick,
Boy, with a pin on the end of a stick,
Sneaks up behind him as quiet as a
mouse—

Crape on the door of the little boy's
house.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES



"Real Satisfaction"

Package of 10 - 20¢
20 - 35¢
Enamel Tin - 50 - 90¢
100 - \$1.75



Would-be Suicide: "Don't rescue me, I want to die."

Swimmer: "Well, you'll have to postpone that, I want a life-saving medal." — Technique.

"My efforts are not altogether fruitless," said the comedian optimistically, as some one in the gallery crowned him with a rotten apple.

Dental Joke

Stranger approach this tomb with gravity,
Here lies John Brown, filling his last cavity.

Why do they call them dizzy blondes?

Because they're light-headed, I guess.

Beat This

A farmer left his vest hanging on a gate post with his watch in the pocket, a calf came along and ate the vest. Seven years later they killed the cow for beef and found the watch fixed in its lungs in such a way that every time the animal breathed it wound the watch. The watch has only lost three and a half minutes in seven years.

Pat and Mike were gazing up at an aeroplane.

Pat — "How would you like to be up there with that aeroplane?"

Mike — "Begorra, I'd hate to be up there without it."

"Cook tells me you want to go out to-night, Mary, with a friend. Is it urgent?"

"No Mum, its my gent."

Diner — "What do you call this stuff?"

Waiter — "Mock turtle soup, Sir."

Diner — "Well I'm afraid the cook has carried his mockery too far."

Mike, staring out of hotel window in New York and seeing fire engines going by, exclaimed to Pat.

"Come quick, they're moving hell, two loads gone by already."

A man was in the asylum, and was walking along the hall with his guard. Noticing a large clock on the wall, he inquired if the clock was right. The guard replied that it was.

"Well then," said the patient, "What the H...is it doing here."

The best girl in the world, is the girl you courted and married.

How long it is since you told her so?
She may be starving for a little appreciation from you.

The girl walked briskly into the store, and dropped her bag on the counter... "Give me a chicken," she said.

"Do you want a pullet," the clerk inquired.

"No," the girl replied, "I wanna carry it."

"Do you know why we call our language the Mother Tongue?"

"Because Father never gets a chance to use it."

"Well, Sandy," said the Laird, "You are getting very bent. Why don't you stand up straight like me man?"

"Eh, man, do you see that field o'corn over there?"

"I do," returned the laird.

"A 'well, you'll notice that the full



Chocolate Irresistible For Connoisseurs

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Instantly popular with all lovers of good Candy — "Chocolate Irresistible" is in wonderful favor with all connoisseurs.

A box of superior excellence — packed with discriminating care.

PRICE \$1.00 per lb.

**WILLARDS CHOCOLATES
LIMITED**

heads hang down, and the empty ones stand up.

"Shorty", the tallest member of the Freshman Year, does not participate in college athletics on account of a weak heart.

Dame Rumor says that W. W. W., a promising member of the first year, dolled up one day to see the pigs.

Senior: In Canada what takes the place of American "Near Beer"?

Freshman: More beer, Sir.

The Freshmen having won the tug-of-war championship of the college, are now the favorites in the race for the candy-pulling cup.

Dr. Jull — Well boys, I noticed, in judging those chickens, you didn't touch them; country chickens are the

same as city chickens, you know. You can't judge them at a distance, you have to handle them.

Brig. — (after nurse had put the thermometer in his mouth). — Can I trouble you for a match.

Soph. — Will your dad be unstrung when he hears of your exam results?

Frosh. — No, I wired him last night.

Prof. — What happens if you put a glowing splinter into oxygen?

Frosh. — Burns your fingers!

Dr. Jull — Rye, for poultry, like for humans, is not relished.

Steve — All depends in what form it is presented!

Young Coed — I believe there is a little Scotch in you.

Soph. — Not now, but there often is.

Young Teacher (in practice school) — Johnny, if your father were to give your mother a five and then a ten dollar bill, what would she have?

Johnny — A fit!

Aggie (at dinner table) — May I trouble you for the spuds?

Teacher — What do you mean? I come from the city.

Aggie — Oh, well, pass the murphies then.

Teacher — I don't get you, I told you I came from the city.

Aggie (after the debate) — Well, who won?

Science Student (waking up) — Ah, h-h- I don't know. Oh, Yes! The judges have just gone out to decide.

Winter Course — What are you taking?

Rollo — Beside chemistry and phytopathology we have entomology and mycology.

W. C. — You don't take up biology, do you?

Science, to Tommy at table — You study biology, what does sp. stand for?

Tommy — Spittall, I guess.

Prof. in botany, to first year Aggie — Some of these weeds are extinct now, are they not?

Aggie — No, they were collected in 1907.

Postgraduate Physics

If it takes a man a fortnight to work a week how many apples are there in a barrel of grapes?

Speaking of poultry; if it takes eight yards of tripe to make an elephant's

waist coat how much sawdust would a hen be obliged to eat to lay a twelve foot log?

Now we know why people of a certain sect are so thrifty, one was seen to take change for ten cents from the collection plate one Sunday morning.

No one looked unhappy at the dance, in spite of the fact that the young ladies wore long skirts with basket attachments.

Overheard in the Plant Pathology Lab.

Van — What are you doing, Jimmy? Amusing yourself?

Jimmy — Sure, did you think I was amusing someone else?

Aggie, trying to be sociable at his new table to the teacher on his left — What do you think of Bonar Law?

Teacher — Great! He is flying-wing Aggie, to teacher on his right — Are you in favor of the Fordney Tariff?

Teacher — I don't know that one. We only studied the house-fly so far.

Senior Aggie — You are a girl whom I envy.

Fair One — Oh, really! How is that?

S. A. — You can kiss your roommate whenever you choose, I can't.

He, after a little misunderstanding — I wish I was a dictionary.

She — Why such an awful wish?

He — Because we can always find happiness there.

Smithy, — May I sit nearer you?

Hap — No, I'm afraid if you do you'll —

S. — No, honestly I won't.

Hap. — What's the use then?

MACDONALD COLLEGE MAGAZINE



MR. FARMER,

Everywhere,

Dear Sir: —

You know of the many hard and tedious jobs there are on the farm, such as: —

Digging out stumps.
Breaking boulders.
Making holes for tree planting, etc.
Road grading.
Sub-soiling orchards, etc.
Breaking ice and log jams.
Splitting heavy timbers.
Excavating foundations.
Well sinking, etc., etc.

All these can be done cheaper, quicker, easier and much more satisfactorily by C.X.L. Low Freezing Stump Powder.

In looking over your farm do you not see stumps and boulders which you wished were miles away, especially when you have to work around them and perhaps broken some implement. A few minutes of your time during slack seasons and a charge of C.X.L. Low Freezing Stumping Powder will make your wish a fact.

C.X.L. Low Freezing Stumping Powder is safe to handle if used according to instructions contained in each box. C.X.L. Low Freezing Stumping Powder has been used for nearly fifteen years and has proved a great help to thousands of farmers every year.

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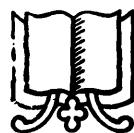
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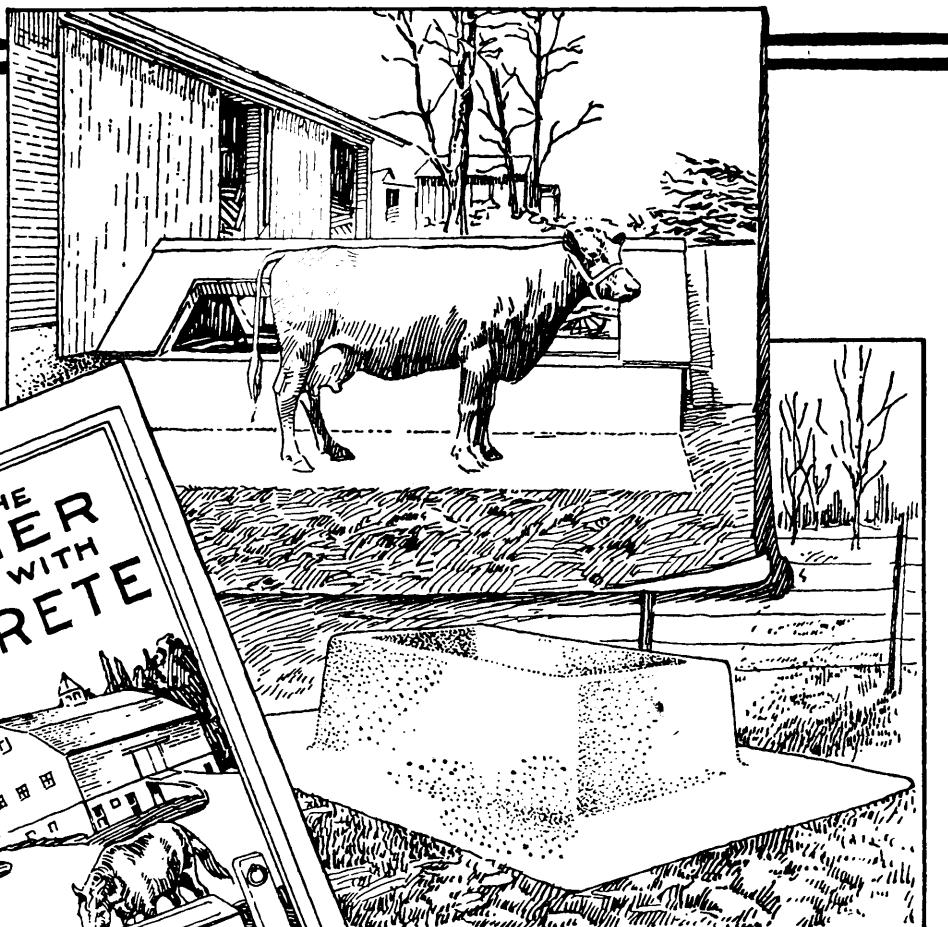
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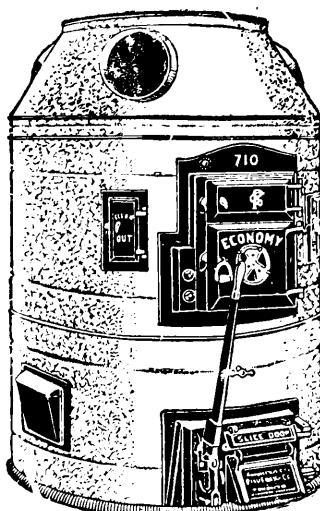
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